

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME I

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News-stand Knowledge

We ourselves accumulate magazines and newspapers from the innumerable way-side shrines of the written word that bloom with particular luxuriance, near city subway and elevated entrances and railroad terminals, in all the colors of exotic horticultural exhibits. Newsstands quicken our pulses with signals of romance, fret our working-day with half-remembered messages caught on the run. In the evening, last through the gate for the five-fifteen, we settle down upon dusty plush or grimed rattan, with spoil snatched from their bounteous counters. We relax and unfold the evening paper.

Recently we began a desultory investigation of our news-stand knowledge. We found first: that through a month of evenings we had achieved a close acquaintance with various cartoonists' characters. We had followed them closely through trivial episode after trivial episode. There was a car salesman, a movie actress, a stenographer, an errand boy, a henpecked husband, a whole *dramatis personae* of small domestic doings and practical-joke affairs that had become part and parcel to us of life as we observed it, unconsciously influencing our ideas of humor, decent conduct, and the constant folly of many human aspirations.

Then the newspaper rustled to the floor and we picked up a current magazine. Avoiding an article on ruins in Cambodia, we read at the bottom of one page a short poem entitled "Travail" or else "Travel" or else "Tearful." Some hours later we spent ten perfectly good minutes trying to recollect which. The poem didn't say much. It said the author felt badly. But we didn't see what we could do about it. So we read a short story called "Cabbage Roses," and then we read another called "The Underslung Car." And that's all we remember of them, save that in both the man gets the girl or the girl gets the man. Then we skimmed through an article on why nobody goes to church and another on why things are changing, if they are changing, and if they aren't changing why they're not—and what things.

So much for a higher type of magazine that retails for anywhere from 35 to 50 cents a copy. But we have investigated the news-stands more thoroughly than that. We have purchased magazines of specialized short stories: short stories all love, all about ghosts (and all alike); "true" story magazines, all about harrowing, intimate predicaments, full of distressingly cheap revelations; moving picture magazines, all about the "silver sheet" and Kleig eyes, and the home life (what there is of it) of a thousand utterly famous screen luminaries; even women's magazines and children's magazines; great weeklies of fabulous circulations, liberal weeklies of practically none, great gaudy monthly magazines in which many well-known authors inform the public of all the most intimate details of their lives. We have been, you see, completely educated.

What have we learned? We have learned that Joe of "Joe's Car" met a man who pretended he had struck oil and did Joe out of \$500; we have learned that Oswald Siosset, the author of "Brick-dust" has a charming home at Huntington, L. I., that Zara Arclight of the famous film, "Blazing Beauty," is the third wife of Archie Castiron who was the fourth husband of, we forget whom; that Coolidge won; that detectives sometimes catch criminals but often don't; all about radio sets; the latest jests of the columnists and the professional humorists; how to make a garden; how to make desserts; how to buy, build, or furnish a place in the country if you have the money; all about the latest murders;

A Ghost Speaks on the Styx

By JOHN DRINKWATER

I COULD not think that Time
was old,
So freshly did he wear
His colors as the years were told
When I was walking there.

He knew no sad mortality
Of promise or regret,
Forever in virginity
Of joy Time's times were set.

Now on your river from the shades,
Boatman, a rumor comes
Of one whose garland never fades,
For all his martyrdoms.

They call him Love; they chant his rhyme
Even in Acheron;
They call him Love—but he and Time,
Your ferryman, are one.

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what people who have recently been Abroad think of it Abroad; what people who have not been Abroad think of it anyway; that short story characters are constantly in trouble; what English writers will always be "featured" in our magazines; that you shouldn't live beyond your income—things like that, a mass of dubious data mixed with fragments of fact and fancy from too many sources, and in too constant a bombardment, to be classified or assimilated.

It is a strange condition of affairs, for all about one, had one time to select the best, there is written matter—an article here, a story there, a poem somewhere else that might prove of actual value.

But we are not writing a diatribe; we are merely indicating a situation. For we ourselves are an inveterate newspaper and magazine reader, and we shall probably die with all our sinful periodical predilections upon us.

The Elusive Art

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

POETRY would seem to be the roadhouse in which otherwise decent and deserving intelligences abandon their discernments and reserves and become as formless, gushing, and undiscriminating as adolescents taking their first swig of brandy. In this hallowed tavern the regulations have always been to make a great deal of militant noise—the stirring "war-poem" and call to arms, in which Britannia is exhorted to govern the waves and France to grasp the sword dropped by her past, feminine crusader—or to pound away at one series of entranced, reverent lies about your country—merrie, green old England, and hardy, canny, kilt-flaunting Scotland, and swashbuckling, romantic, languorous Spain—or to banish the depths of thought and exile the subtleties of emotion with the pleasanties and graces of rhythmical sound—or to become awe-stricken and prostrate before concepts such as God, feminine virginity, mountains, and the constellations in the sky—or to become tender and rhapsodical when confronted by the trees and flowers of nature, or to express love and hatred without qualms or qualifications, or to find a submerged, indefinable beauty in struggling masses of human beings. The list could be interminably extended but the task becomes halted by despair.

Poetry has nearly always been a respite in which men and women could leave the colder and more detailed insights of prose, and the slow stripplings of psychology, and the less popular afflictions and vagaries of emotion, and revert to a comparative childhood, with a tum-te-tum-te-tum outburst of sound and a return to simpler beliefs. Otherwise intelligent men and women become nebulous dreamers and negligent thinkers when they resort to poetry, and the reason is that poetry has been regarded as a false and lenient seductress. It was considered quite permissible to say something in a poem that would be regarded as silly and laughably credulous if it were expressed in prose, and the superstition arose that poetry could only be a recess of fervid illusions and common, reiterated escapes from life ("Up to your starry heights I send these trembling rhymes").

* * *

Poetry had its birth in warriors and old men who sang to readjust their cruel, fleeting, and harried lives, with boasting and hopeful sounds, or with a brave recognition of death and impermanence, and in women who consoled themselves for the mono-theme of sexual submission. As long as it was wedded to formal music and chants, in sagas, folksongs, and ballades, its words merely rounded out the melody of the zither, and lute, and three-stringed harp, and they were not solely decisive factors. When it began to appear on the printed page, however, the real musical accompaniment vanished and was replaced by a myth to the effect that the words themselves could invoke song. A new kind of "music" was conceived by men and women whose hearts and brains wanted an imaginary melody to soothe their bruised and minute existences. This "music" is in reality like a pitiful, trivial, sing-song mouth-harp in comparison with the art of the symphony and sonata composer abetted by orchestras of one hundred and ten men, and even a single violinist or pianist can make the most lyrical poem seem wan and inadequate, as far as its "music" is concerned. Still, a belief in the existence of this latter "music" extends and welcomes the pleading, emotional dishonesty in mankind.

For the above reason, most men and women

change their skins and perceptions whenever they read or fashion poetry. The philosopher leaves his grapple with icy, exquisitely balanced thoughts and writes relative nursery-rhymes about loyalty between men, and the glittering importance of stars, and the glints in his lady's hair (witness the poetic effusions of a philosopher as great as Santayana); and the intricately mathematical scientist sits in his library and adores Kipling, and Robert Service, and William Cullen Bryant; and the artist heals his aesthetic trepidations with the soft, circumscribed drivels of Whittier and Alfred Noyes. You could question ten philosophers, scientists, and painters at random, and nine out of the ten would reveal nothing but dislike and indifference for poets of the least subtlety, intellect and skepticism. They would tell you that these latter men were not poets and had failed to achieve the musical, heart-clutching charm which constitutes the fundamental of all verse. The actual reason would be, however, that the naïveté and hope within these people, side-tracked and often maligned in their more serious expressions, had leaped upon poetry as a last chance for unashamed existence!

The prevailing attitude toward poetry bobs up in all parts of the literary field, from ultra-conservative to ultra-radical, and it is beautifully illustrated in the reception given to a recent, ultra-radical poet named Mr. E. E. Cummings. Conservative and liberal critics have singled Mr. Cummings out as the one bard among the experimentalists whose work was entitled to survive, in spite of its mangled punctuations, dubious or disregarded grammar, small "i's," and lines weirdly broken up for a purpose visible only to the author. Why has Mr. Cummings been scolded and yet acclaimed by all of these cautious gentry? Because, underneath all of his frantic tricks of printed form, and all of his irrelevant darlings at the expense of capital letters, and all of his subconscious philanderings appropriated (consciously or unconsciously) from James Joyce, and all of his perversely capering adjectives and adverbs, he is an arrant sentimental, and a simple lyricist, and a poet replete with emotional confidences and blindnesses. Gleefully doffing his disguises, various critics have hailed him for what he is and for what they insist that poetry must be, while, when they are confronted by experimental poets who are actually intellectual, and coldly thoughtful, and emotionally subtle at the partial sacrifice of "music," these critics instantly become derogatory and intolerant. They can excuse whims of punctuation, but not idiosyncrasies and plots that leap from the nimble depths of the mind, or emotions that deliberately scan each other.

The Future of Rhyme

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HOWEVER variously the dictionaries define it, the word "rhyme" to the English reader means merely an identically matched vowel-sound followed—if followed at all—by the same consonants but (and herein lies the entire trick of the rhymer's limited technic) preceded by a different consonantal sound. Thus *lie* and *sigh*, *dark* and *lark*, *singing* and *bringing* are "true" rhymes. Any attempt to vary the exactness of this combination of initial difference and concluding coincidence has been either belittled or openly condemned. But it is the intellect which has fixed this limitation, not the ear. It is obvious that the sensitive ear, listening to the pairing of words as it listens to music, takes pleasure in the coupling, repetition and variance of certain sounds—a pleasure that has little relation to the rules. Once realizing this fact, it seems necessary not only to allow for a few innovations that will extend the scope of rhyme but to change the definition entirely.

Without attempting to formulate a comprehensive analysis, I think it safe to say that a rhyme is a matching of two balanced sounds which have a common base (either in the vowels or the consonants) but a contrasting structure. It is in the *balance* that the rhyme is determined, in the equal distribution of weight—whether the common sound occurs at the beginning or the end of the word. For example, *late* and *light* are (in this broader definition of the term) as musically matched, as concordant, in short, as truly rhymed—as *late* and *fate*. Even the pedagogues of poetry have been aware of these subtle divisions in variance and, instead of recognizing the power of rhyme to extend its borders, have attempted

to solve the complexity by a still more complex assemblage of evasions. Thus such natural if unorthodox pairs as *have* and *grave*, *earth* and *hearth*, *wound* (a hurt) and *sound* (all of them in common use for four centuries) have been contemptuously classified as "sight-rhymes." *Meadow* and *shadow*, *heaven* and *even*, *breath* and *faith* (equally hallowed by tradition) are explained as "near-rhyme" or, in the case of *together* and *wither* (beloved by the Elizabethans), "false-rhyme." The more radical variations proved still more puzzling. *Crown* and *crag* is "alliteration"; *aging* and *fading* is "assonance"; *clash* and *clasp* is "alliterative assonance"; *grain* and *groan* is "dissonance." It must be plain to any but a tone-deaf listener that all these are not merely exceptional or discordant notes but pleasingly contrasting ones. It is from this very shifting of similarity and difference, of partial identity and contrast that all of rhyme derives its magic. Forget the false distinctions and you have a body of poetry enriched by a *finesse* of rhyme; a web of half-tones and flashes of new colors, in which harmonies like *youngest* and *strongest*, *famine* and *women*, *ready* and *body* have a spell as great as the norm which has been in vogue for more than five hundred years. In fact, these departures are more provocative to the modern ear as rhyme than the accepted ringing of the same bells. Firstly, because the pairing of the exact final sounds, being limited to a few dozen changes, has been accomplished so often that the ear, anticipating the obvious, has lost the sensation of surprise with which it was first arrested and which is the very element of rhyme. Secondly, the "perfect rhyme," acting like a perfect cadence in music, has a conclusiveness, a reiterated emphasis so strong that it tends to act as a full-stop.

* * *

The musical analogy sharply reminds one how rapidly the tonal art has progressed in comparison with its verbal imitator. There was a time when music was little more than a regular alternation between dominant, subdominant and tonic chords. Today even the academic composer freely employs suspensions, deceptive cadences, the occasional clash of cacophony—every stimulating device, in short, which he has learned, not from his books of harmony, but from the receptivity of the human ear. Poetry, on the other hand, either dispenses with rhyme altogether or clings fast to the one type of it which became standardized five centuries ago.

This attitude appears again whenever professors of any kind try their hand at verse. As I write these lines a volume of poems by Mr. J. E. Spingarn rests upon the table. A sophisticated, hard, sure critic of literature and critical methods, and an intelligent exponent of Benedetto Croce's theories on creative criticism, Mr. Spingarn reveals a burnished, chilly efficient mind in his prose, and yet this same man has written verses that drip with almost boyish confusions and confessions, "spring passions" that trip ecstatically and to no avail, and sweet reprisals on thought. The astute critic changes to a man who writes:

Oh song of birds, and flowers fair to see!
Why should I thirst for far off Eden isles,
When I may hear her discourse melody,
And bask, a dreamer, in her dreamy smiles?

The lines are in such gigantic contrast to Mr. Spingarn's critical ability that one might believe that I was a prevaricator unless he turned to the volume of verse in question and read the exact quotation, and other, even more inferior ones. The same startling discrepancy can also be noticed in the verse of other professors such as John Erskine and William Ellery Leonard, and William Alexander Percy.

* * *

Poetry, to most men, is, alas, a palpitating, rhythmical opportunity to become warmly and passionately stupid, to replenish the torn dreams of their youth, and to snuggle shamefacedly with the illusions and faiths which they have seen life spit upon, and to desert the keenness of their thoughts for a fling with promising, fair-faced emotions. These men will always detest or barely tolerate the intellectual, carefully costumed, nonchalantly emotional poet, who grins at the lacerations and appeals within his heart, and will always contend that he is desecrating the lilting witcheries of poetry. Yet without this intellectual bard the art of poetry would remain stationary, worn, uncritical of itself, and chained to a "music" which is musical only in the imagination and desire of its listeners.

Motion Picture Art

THE SOUL OF THE MOVING PICTURE.
By WALTER S. BLOEM. Translated from the German by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH BLOCK

THE movie is undoubtedly an art, if its classification as such is any consolation for persons who are still ashamed to confess their interest in it. But it is not the kind of art many kind hearted, but amazingly theoretical critics like to say it is. These gentleman have developed an admirable body of aesthetic theory, establishing the validity of a motion picture art which is as yet virtually non-existent. It is moreover only vaguely related—as a dream of desire is related to reality—to that banal if also living popular entertainment known as the movies.

The movies, to borrow from Mr. Royal Cortissoz, who does not like them, but still views them with cold justice, bear the same relation to what may some day be the art of motion, that the Italian Primitives bear to the modern art of painting. Moreover, since the movies, as an art in its Primitive stage, are still the disclosed consciousness of an audience rather than the visual manifestation of a new mechanism, they can be best observed as social phenomena, as the record of a people's dream. They are the cave inscriptions of today's machine age.

After the long procession of aestheticians, which has included in its ranks Vachell Lindsay, Münsterberg and Gilbert Seldes, it is a relief to find so practical a spokesman as Walter S. Bloem turns out to be. Although he writes in "The Soul of the Moving Picture," as an observer of the German movie, his comment is testimony that crowd entertainment in modern times seeks a general level everywhere. His chief thesis holds as true in America as in Germany and Sweden.

The moving picture is an art based on feeling, and not on thought. It has to do with the emotions rather than with the intellect . . . a moving picture is a feeling expressed through gestures. There is still much about this youthful art that is altogether misunderstood. Its real sources, the fountains of its life, are suspected, foreboded by only a few; nor are they recognized, when seen, by all.

It is not surprising therefore to find the critic asserting that such a film as "Dr. Caligari" can only be regarded as a curiosity, valuable as an experiment showing the power of the motion camera over visual rhythm and pattern, but not in itself in the main stream of development. The exhibition of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in America, was the occasion for a good deal of metaphysical fustian, and sound criticism of it even at this late day ought to be welcomed. The psychic power of conventionalized and patterned appearance on the screen has already been recognized by American producers, and has been incorporated where themes have offered opportunities for such treatment; without violating that discretion which finds today's film materials "too simple, natural and human to endure any sort of studied or affected decoration."

* * *

Despite much that is foreign in the author's viewpoint, practical workers in America will find the book informing and illuminating. Bloem is not intimately familiar with the American movie. He declares that "the American has not a shiver of a conception of *Dramatischer Aufbau*; of dramatic composition he is innocent." In truth the newest American pictures are as tightly constructed dramatically as the fare of the French and Anglo-Saxon theatre, when Sardou and Pinero held the boards, and expressionism was still in limbo. But his comments on practical matters are as valuable for us as they are for his own audience. He has already recognized that pure pantomime on the film is not entirely successful, but also that the words associated with visual motion take on an entirely new and as yet unmeasured quality. He is distrustful of the trick picture. "Art ceases when mechanism begins to play a rôle that can in any way be considered creative or important." He demands of the movie a basic constant rhythm running through "an unbroken and dazzling chain of episodes and pictures," a rhythm still largely unknown to American pictures. Nevertheless he gives full credit to the American producer for the variety and vivacity of his scenes and to an activity of the camera which wraps every scene "in a spirited, glimmering, glittering unrest, lifting even the most indifferent episode quite up above the shadow of tedium."

Freudian Fiction

JULIE CANE. By HARVEY O'HIGGINS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by HORACE B. LIVERIGHT

IN the Author's Apology to "Not Guilty, A Defense of the Bottom Dog," Robert Blatchford writes: "I base this claim upon the self-evident and undeniable fact that man has no part in the creation of his own nature." A little further in the book he says: "Briefly, then, heredity makes, and environment modifies, a man's nature." Of course, there was nothing startlingly new in Blatchford's pronouncement, which was merely made as one of the premises in his economic syllogism. It is likely that Mr. O'Higgins has long since forgotten Blatchford in his absorption with Freud and his disciples. Nevertheless, he well might have placed Blatchford's words on the fly leaf of his searching, compelling and important novel.

Searching, Julie Cane assuredly is, for it uncannily plumbs the depths of more or less everyday and typical human motivations. Intensely absorbing, too, for its story; "Julie Cane" is such a swiftly-moving tale, that one puts it down, astonished that he has come to page 343, the last of a generously long novel. And to me, an especial delight is the fine technique which allows Mr. O'Higgins to use the new psychology, without either rubbing it in or becoming condescending to his readers or letting it dominate his peculiar and lovely sense of whimsy. The promise Mr. O'Higgins gives us in this his best work of a series of novels that may help to revolutionize not the style of our current fiction, but its content, is to me of first-rate importance. I do not mean for an instant that Harvey O'Higgins is a pioneer in the field of fiction writers who have known their Freud and applied it, but I do feel that unlike D. H. Lawrence, Waldo Frank, Sherwood Anderson, and many others who come to my mind, he is more truly serving his master. And if he continues to explain to his large audience, the whys and wherefores of human conduct, by writing about homely scenes and average people, as he has in "Julie Cane," Mr. O'Higgins's name will be placed high among those who are beginning to relegate to the back shelves the silly, harmful novel of cheap "release."

* * *

Almost everyone who reads the pages of this weekly, unquestionably already knows much about this little New Jersey grocer, his grim, repressed wife, whom he marries because she, like his mother, has red hair, and about Julie, the product of their (and their progenitors') germ plasm and of her environment. Mr. O'Higgins has dug one pit for himself. In speaking of the hero-villain of his story, Alan Birdsall, the author says: "Whatever he liked he was also impelled to seek a flaw in, out of a sort of jealousy, and hence he was by temperament a born critic." My jealousy as a critic for Mr. O'Higgins's artistic integrity and for the perfect relationship between his fictional gift and his psychoanalytical penetration, makes me ask him (and I hope that he will answer) not why the events recorded in the last fifty pages of his book happened, but why they happened just as they did? It must be granted that the author almost perfectly develops Blatchford's ideas and theories of the inescapable consequences of heredity and environment. But admitting his premises and his happy conclusion, isn't the conclusion much too carelessly and hurriedly and haphazardly arrived at by this fine artist and good Freudian? And I wonder, too, at Alan's marriage. Not at its happening but at its implied success. It is possible, though, that Mr. O'Higgins will in a later novel take Alan to Europe, where he will, undoubtedly, kill at least one person and very likely end in jail or suicide.

Such a minor stricture, though, must not be allowed to end the review of as fine a book as "Julie Cane." Any novelist who can in the scope of a book of average length infuse the breath of life into so many men and women can afford to weary a bit in his last few pages. It will take a long time to forget old man Cane, the embattled Jersey grocer, poet, philosopher, tender and wise parent. Weighty tomes on education are appearing in ever increasing number but few have the stuff in them that Harvey O'Higgins has put into the reflections and expressions of Julie's father. And to be remembered almost as long is Alan Birdsall's lovely, brave, foolish mother. Many readers will hug to their hearts the Perrin sisters, to whose school Julie was rather

melodramatically introduced by well understood movie methods, but really Martha and Agnes have been met many times before in other books and are less important as examples of Mr. O'Higgins's genius for creating people, not types, than Alice Carry's father or Van Schreck or Phil Mordell. But how about Julie herself? I can only answer that anything short of a completely successful characterization would have been an artistic fatality. The thrill one experiences in her perfection is a real tribute to Harvey O'Higgins. And few authors have made their people to their readers more what they really are than has Harvey O'Higgins. This is the mark of genius that is stamped indelibly on this good book.

Mystical Romance

THE SLAVE SHIP. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WE have four schools of historical novelists here in the United States: the merely romantic, the picturesque, the satirically realistic, and a fourth which for want of a better name I shall call the prophetic. Sinclair Lewis and his fellow realists excellently illustrate the third category. In Mr. Hergesheimer's "Balis-



From "The Tragedy of Mr. Punch," by Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell (Boni & Liveright)

sand," to which I shall have to refer later for comparison, the American scene is interpreted by vivid pictures where ideas as well as circumstances are worked into line and color. Mary Johnston herself was once a romancer who revived an era just for its glamour and its stories. Now she has joined the succession of clairvoyants characteristically American who, like Hawthorne and Melville, draw the cloak of romance around them while they write of the inner life.

"The Slave Ship" is carefully studied Colonial history. The reader finds the story of a Scottish Jacobite, sold as a bondsman in Virginia and knowing slavery as a slave. David Scott escapes and by not improbable adventure himself commands an African slaver. He knows Draga and the sad West Coast of Africa. He knows the Middle Passage: its stenches, its riots, its plagues. He is a good captain, and the slave trade in his hands is as humane as the traffic permits. Nevertheless terrible things happen. The framework of this story is exciting adventure and its setting the sharp contrasts of the tropics, of comfort and misery, of freedom and slavery. But its theme is not African slavery.

Many readers of "The Slave Ship" will have read "Balisand." In that fine piece of craftsmanship, Mr. Hergesheimer has made drama out of a tough Federalist who sets his teeth in his principles while Virginia and the feeble Union drift toward commercialism and democracy. The theme of "Balisand" is character beat upon by environment. The purpose of its author is to depict a type of tempera-

ment, and he does it by choosing item by item the Virginia circumstance which made stout republicans of the proprietors, enemies of foreign tyranny, haters of democracy. The result is life in the bones of the past. Federalism has been recreated, not as history, nor to propagate an idea, but for its own essential interest.

"The Slave Ship" is different. Miss Johnston's Virginia is well and vividly studied, and her Africa even more so, but her objective is not mainly re-creation, not by any means just a narrative and a picture of the past. Her David Scott is a mystic. Hearty and sensual, he is afflicted nevertheless with a clairvoyance which makes him discontent with other men's judgments and his own acts. He is troubled by the elusive secret of a universe wrung by desire and pain. Why should he who has tasted slavery, by an inexorable irony find the slave trade his only way of escape? Why when under Quaker influence he leaves it and all his worldly advantage, is he still distressed? Why is he never at one with the mystic will of the universe until by an accident, which he courts, Captain Scott the slaver is recaptured by his Virginia masters and sent back to slave out his bond? It is because the great secret is that all men are slaves until they learn that "in la sua voluntade è nostra pace," until they can escape from egoistic desire. African slavery was only a gross symbol and a flagrant abuse of a principle that through suffering David Scott has to learn.

And thus Mary Johnston's novel is a mystic's novel, conducted as a romance should be by flesh and blood characters through vivid circumstance, yet driven, like "The Scarlet Letter," toward the solving of a plot. The success of such a book is always less probable than with objective narrative or the study of character for its own sake. Again and again in the conduct of like ventures, Melville, a really great writer, broke down and his romance with him into incoherent transcendentalism. Miss Johnston has been less ambitious. Her philosophic theme is simple and attempts no new discovery. She has wrapped it in a net of vivid incident and held it to earth. "The Slave Ship" is remarkably good historical narrative, though not so good as "Balisand." It is good, though not great, spiritual romance.

A Lamb Among Wolves

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU! By HARRY LEON WILSON. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by MALCOLM COWLEY

IN these days when scholarship is becoming less disinterested and tends to concern itself too much with contemporary affairs, one has a new tenderness for professors of the older type, with their baggy trousers and lack of interest in anything since the Council of Trent. They used to receive more ridicule than sympathy. The cartoonists of *Puck* liked to draw them with little reminding strings tied to the fingers of each hand, while artists of the three-a-day would make the widest use of their peculiarities. Today they are disappearing, from stage magazine and lecture chair; the absent-minded professor, to use one of his own favorite expressions, is becoming *rara avis*. When Harry Leon Wilson decided to draw the portrait of such a professor, he must have depended almost wholly on his imagination.

The portrait, however, is excellent. Algernon Copplestone, hero of his new novel, is tortured by an efficient wife, the monotony of a small college, and the desire to break away. He compares himself with a toy balloon tugging at its string. Suddenly the string breaks and Copple goes sailing off, to mingle with bootleggers, ambulant theatrical troupes, witch doctors, and all the grifters, boobs and wisenheimmers of the state of Iowa.

He is a lamb fallen among amiable wolves. Instead of devouring him they teach him how to skin the other sheep. He is enchanted with their kindness, but even more with their idiom, which is that of the circus and the medicine show: the richest in metaphor that our language knows. This he transcribes carefully, but to the very end the Professor believes that "hep" means helpful, and that "playing the sticks" is some sort of athletic game.

The great novels of the eighteenth century were usually written in the first person. If told in the third, they were generally confined to the viewpoint of a single character. Fiction lost much of its

charm with the invention of that purely theoretical personage, the unbiased and omniscient narrator. Mr. Wilson has recaptured much of that charm, for told in the language of Algernon Copplestone his novel has the same sort of fascination as "Tristram Shandy" or "Huckleberry Finn."

It has even a little of the breadth. As Coppie and his protectors move from village to village, finding a new adventure in each, one catches a little of the same emotion which gripped Huck Finn as he drifted past the lights of Cairo in a fog. Or let the Professor speak for himself:

From time to time we passed farmsteads where a single tall tower, stark with a Greek simplicity, loomed in the growing light. My companion said that these were silos, and I was content with hearing the musical name. Though doubtless they serve a utilitarian purpose, I have never learned what this may be, nor shall I ever wish to. It seemed to me that these daringly chaste structures had been named by a singer and might well have been erected for their beauty alone.

On account of the similarity in manner and emotion, one is tempted to compare "Professor, How Could You!" with its great prototypes. What strikes one first is its more polished technique; to be attributed, probably, to a general improvement in the mechanics of writing. No sophomore in a modern school of journalism would play hide-and-seek with his reader as does Laurence Sterne, or write such a trumped-up ending as that of "Joseph Andrews." But in a day when good technique is taught in any school, it is deserving of little emphasis; and though Mr. Wilson develops his story more neatly than Sterne or Fielding ever could, one feels that his neatness earns him little praise. One blames him, however, on comparison with these masters, for his failure to "think out" his characters. They have too much surface, too little depth; they create no echoes; they are described a little too hastily for too hasty publication.

I hope Mr. Wilson will forgive me for bringing in the shades of all departed novelists to praise or confound him. A pardon certainly more difficult to gain will be that of the people who believe, since "Professor, How Could You!" has an obvious popular appeal and was published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that it must be lacking in permanent literary qualities. They might point to a dozen faults in it to confirm their belief; but they forget that Harry Leon Wilson is the most considerable of our humorists, and that his new novel, for all its defects, is written in a great tradition.

American Life

THE FABRIC OF THE LOOM. By MARY S. WATTS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. \$2.00.

Reviewed by T. K. WHIPPLE
Princeton University

This country, in its ordinary aspects, probably presents as barren a field to the writer of fiction, and to the dramatist, as any other on earth . . . We believe that no attempt to delineate ordinary American life, either on the stage or in the pages of a novel, has been rewarded with success . . . It would be indeed a desperate undertaking to think of making anything interesting in the way of a *Roman de Société* in this country . . . The governing social evil of America is provincialism . . . Every man, as a matter of course, refers to his own particular experience, and praises or condemns agreeably to notions contracted in the circle of his own habits, however narrow, provincial, or erroneous they may happen to be.

SO wrote Cooper in 1838. Having proved, in his preface, that the attempt was hopeless, he proceeded to make it in "Home as Found." The result came up to his highest expectations. He proved all his points beyond a doubt. Yet his *Roman de Société* is interesting. It illustrates the immutable, Egyptian quality of the American character. Nothing affects that character—climate, scenery, Ford cars, money. Before the Revolution we were just what we are now. The principles which Franklin inculcated in "Poor Richard" and the "Autobiography" are still being illustrated in the current stories of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Mrs. Watts's new novel, "The Fabric of the Loom," is the story of a mother and a young daughter who return to the United States after living for fifteen years or so in Europe. The point of the book is the view so obtained of American civilization. Substitute a father for the mother, and you have the exact scheme of "Home as Found." Furthermore, the discoveries of the returned travelers are identical in substance. Cooper's preface would serve equally well for the novel of 1924.

The governing social evil of America is still provincialism. Every man is still prone to draw on his own narrow experience and to be self-complacent and intolerant.

Mrs. Watts essays not only to contrast American with European life, but also to contrast the present in the United States with the past. The only marked alteration she finds is that woman has come out of the home to engage in all sorts of intellectual and philanthropic pursuits. Young girls nowadays seek economic independence as they didn't use to. "The Fabric of the Loom" gives a sober view of social life in an Ohio city, a social life which is singularly uncomplicated. There are two circles. On the one hand are the aristocrats, the "society crowd," descendants of the first settlers; they are all gentlemen and ladies, well-bred and wealthy, and for the most part clever and delightful. Contrasted with these suave figures are the members of the women's club of the city, to which are attached in a sort of epicycle the college alumnae. These are "useful, important, prominent women, and tremendously intellectual." They go in for culture and do all sorts of civic work. But they are frauds, uneducated and ill-bred, complete snobs who would like to be social climbers. Within neither class is there an exception: a sheep is a sheep and a goat a goat.

* * *

For a serious study of American life—as which "The Fabric of the Loom" stands or falls—all this is a little too simple. One might just as well turn the whole thing upside down and make the society crowd the goats and the clubwomen the sheep; one would be as near the truth. The real truth—that people are all mixed up—is open to the objection foreseen by Cooper, that it would not make a novel. But Mrs. Watts's thesis has the same fault, for it is not only false in its simplicity, but is conventional and anything but new. One would suspect, were it not incredible that anybody should have read "Home as Found," that Mrs. Watts had gone to Cooper instead of to Ohio for her information.

Mrs. Watts clings to the standard American delusions about Europe. One of the chief of these is that age and quaintness are synonymous with beauty. She expresses a wish that the United States would adopt the "narrow, turning streets and huddled gables, theatrically picturesque" of France. She longs for the russet hills of France in the autumn, finding no beauty in the American landscape in October. "There's a fascination frantic in a ruin that's romantic"—that is the attitude. It is the romantic delusion that whatever is different or remote must be beautiful, the notion that the kiosks on the Parisian boulevards are lovely because they are not found on Broadway. This habit of mind, harmless enough otherwise, betrays an inability to use one's own eyes, a lack of genuine discernment, which invalidates the possessor from making any acute or original observations. But it is an ineradicable feature of the unchanging American character.

* * *

Mrs. Watts's volume is avowedly more a social treatise than a novel. Its interest is an unintentional interest, which lies not so much in what the author says as in the point of view which she discloses. It is the point of view of so many of her countrymen that it has its significance and importance. The American nostalgia for Europe has endured ever since there has been an America, and shows no signs of lessening. In all probability, such deprecatory comparisons of European and American life began with the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers and will continue until the last peasant ceases grubbing among the mouldered ruins of Notre Dame and of Westminster Abbey.

"The Bodleian Library, Oxford," says a British journal, "certainly was unfortunate in times past in the matter of its custodians. As an example of all that a librarian ought not to be it would be difficult to beat John Price, Bodleian librarian during the last half of the eighteenth century. For years Price refused to purchase additions for the library on account of the labor involved in cataloging them, and so on, and readers he frankly regarded as a nuisance. When Captain Cook's 'Voyages' was published in 1784 and was in great demand Price promptly loaned the Bodleian copy, presented by George III, to the Rector of Lincoln College, with a hint that the longer he kept it the better, for 'while it is known to be in the library I shall be perpetually plagued with inquiries for it.'"

The History of An Aesthete

PAULUS FY. By HELENE MULLINS and MARIE GALLEHER. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by LOUIS BROMFIELD

THIS strange book is a *reductio ad absurdum* of a vague principle of aesthetics, which because of its vagueness won a considerable following a year or two ago and is now in what the Victorians enjoyed calling "a decline." It is the history of an *Aesthete*; indeed, the fact is set forth upon the title page. And in the advertisements it is referred to as "not like other books." All this tends to raise the suspicion that, in language which would cause Mr. Fy to swoon "there is a nigger in the wood pile." Whether the authors meant the book to be taken seriously or did it simply as a jibe at Ernest Boyd's "young aesthete," it is impossible to say, because, lacking the quality of Max Beerbohm, the authors have not made their purpose even crudely clear.

Paulus Fy, the languid hero, is a pale survival of the "Yellow Nineties." Clinging to the pale fringe of hair that encircles his bald head, there is an aura reminiscent of the early posturings of George Moore. His experiences in love and life are so delicately adumbrated as to become mere intimations. He is in love with a cat named Cez (can there be a hidden malice in this?). He has adventures with a Fan-fan, a Mimi, a Mary, and intimations of affairs of the darker sort which have become the thing since the appearance on the horizon of Dr. Freud. At length, like the young men in the Nineties and the heroes of Compton Mackenzie, he enters the church and presently dies of a head cold caught during a rendezvous with a nun from a neighboring convent. The final chapter takes place in Heaven where Paulus encounters God. It is here that a passage occurs which leads the reader to believe that the authors have been poking fun all along at Mr. Boyd's *aesthete*. It reads thus:

God narrowed his eyes and took a step toward Paulus. "I think you may have some things to teach me . . ." Paulus smiled. God was an ironist. He liked God. They looked at each other. "You are a man after my own heart, Paulus Fy," said God. They embraced tenderly.

And there we have it in a nutshell. If all the book were as clever as that, its purpose would be unmistakable. The trouble is that it isn't. Perhaps the difficulty lies not so much with this book as with the many of the same sort which have preceded it. There have been so many written in the manner of the "new *Aesthetics*" which are not a whit more pretentious than "Paulus Fy" and yet are meant to be taken with the most profound seriousness. The book has its spots, but it is not good enough. The picture of Paulus patronizing God is the best of all. The publishers have issued it in the most aesthetic possible style.

Eugene T. Sawyer, who died only two days after one of his collaborators, Thomas Harbaugh, was one of the several men who in the 70's, 80's and 90's were producing the Nick Carter and Diamond Dick stories which were turned out in such amazing number and counted enormous numbers of readers. Sawyer wrote at times as much as 30,000 or 35,000 words a week, contributing in addition to the above mentioned series to the Buffalo Bill, or Log Cabin, and Young Wild West series.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Guide to the British Empire

THE STORY OF THE EMPIRE. By SIR CHARLES LUCAS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1924. \$4.

THE CONSTITUTION, ADMINISTRATION AND LAWS OF THE EMPIRE. By PROFESSOR A. B. KEITH. The same.

THE RESOURCES OF THE EMPIRE AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT. By EVANS LEWIS. The same.

HEALTH PROBLEMS OF THE EMPIRE. By DR. A. BALFOUR and DR. H. H. SCOTT. The same.

Reviewed by R. COUPLAND
Oxford University

THE British Empire, it is often and truly said, is quite unique in history. It embraces within one political society a quarter of mankind: it includes a part of every continent and peoples of almost every race: in its variety of faith, language and civilization it is something like the world in miniature. And since it has been the product of forces and needs (not, as is sometimes said, of accidents), operating beyond the average man's horizon, there are few within its own boundaries, fewer still outside them, who really know what it contains or really understand on what principles it rests or what purposes it serves. It is always growing, moreover; always changing; always readjusting its component parts—never more so than in the last ten years. It is now even taking a new name; for, though Sir Charles Lucas defends the old name as meaning, in its Tudor origin, nothing more sinister than a free and sovereign realm, it is now increasingly becoming known as the "British Commonwealth," because that title signifies far better than "British Empire" the new ideals, or rather the old ideals coming to their fruition, for which the British world-society stands at the outset of this post-war age.

To inform oneself about this singular, straggling, amorphous body is not easy; yet it is clearly important if only because so much depends, not only for its constituents but for the world as a whole, on its future character and will. It is all to the good, therefore, that Mr. Hugh Gurn should have been inspired, as he tells us, by the educational aspects of the British Empire Exhibition, to attempt to "provide the ordinary reader with a bird's-eye-view" of the Empire, of its history, resources and activities. With the assistance of a strong committee and a group of distinguished authors, he has produced "The British Empire: A Survey," a series of twelve volumes, four of which are on the table. The remaining eight, shortly to be published, will deal with "The Dominions and Dependencies," "The Press and Communications," "Trade, Commerce and Shipping," "Makers of the Empire," "The Native Races," "The Universities and Educational Systems," "Literature and Art," and "Migration within the Empire." There is an obvious risk attending the publication of any such detailed survey of so vast a subject. Inevitably some of these volumes, or parts of them, must be rather heavily weighted with hard facts. But, to judge from the first four, the series promises to achieve a happy compromise—to provide the essential information in such a way that, as far as the subject permits, the general reader will find it good reading.

Of this method Sir Charles Lucas's volume is a notable example. The long row of books he has written on the Empire bears witness to his experience as an historian; and with all his other gifts—his accurate knowledge, his clarity, his coolness of judgment—he possesses the one essential gift for the present purpose, a gift which, one suspects, he acquired by much practice in drafting *précis*, minutes and dispatches during his long and distinguished career at the Colonial office. He can compress, and yet be vigorous and lucid. Thus, in less than 280 pages, he tells the whole story of the Empire in all its essence and—what is far more important than the mere selection and narration of the cardinal facts—he gives the story a coherent thread; he defines and traces through the ages the governing principle of the Empire's character. "The island of Great Britain," he says, "because it is an island, has made the Empire of the kind that it is." Because it was an island, the three nations of Britain were forced in course of time into political unity (or, as Sir Charles would prefer to put it, continuity),

and because it was an island, this unity was saved from uniformity—the curse of the continental empires of Europe unprotected by the sea. "The key to the true interpretation of the riddle of the Empire" is

a well-balanced combination of continuity and diversity . . . never lost within the island and carried from the island beyond the seas. French and British have not been fused in Canada, Lord Durham in his report contemplated fusion and advocated its encouragement; it never came to pass; it was not even attempted. The races have run side by side, the languages and the creeds.

It has been the same in South Africa, the same in India and in the tropical dependencies.

In British dealings with native races, the method of indirect in preference to direct authority has gained in favor . . . the method of using and improving native institutions in lieu of uprooting them and substituting in their place machinery of administration which is not indigenous to the soil.

Continuity and diversity, unity and freedom, these are the linked ideals that have created the British Commonwealth and by which alone it can endure. When the due combination of the two has been neglected, when one has been exalted at the cost of the other, the Empire has failed: and, though Sir Charles Lucas is a patriot and takes a pride in the qualities of the British race which is too frank and human to seem arrogant to non-British readers, he makes no attempt to palliate or explain away the failures. His account of the American Revolution, for example, is typically objective. But, if the successes had not outweighed the failures, if British statesmen had not worked for freedom no less than for unity, the second British Empire would have gone the way of the first; it would not be what it is to-day.

But what is it? Is it a single sovereign body, at least in the same sense as the United States? No, it is less coherent than that. Is it only a league, a little British League of Nations? No: it is more coherent than that. It is less than a State and more than a League. But to define further the relationship between its parts is no easy task—partly because it is one thing *de jure* and another thing *de facto*, partly because it is still in flux and may not, for years to come, if ever, attain a precise constitutional form. But the task of definition, if difficult, is not impossible; the law and the practice as they stand today can be stated; and Professor Keith, whose learning and authority in this field are unequalled, has well stated them in his contribution to this series. Only students, perhaps, will read his close-packed volume from end to end; but by reference to it, the "man in the street" who is interested in politics and is puzzled at such seeming anomalies as the separate representation of the Dominions in the League of Nations or the difficulties raised by South Africa over the Washington Conference or by Canada over the Halibut Fisheries Treaty, will find his difficulties, if not all of them quite solved, at least eased by lucid definition. To have provided so clear and compact an account of the whole constitutional framework of the British Empire, in all its range and diversity, is a notable contribution not merely to science but to practical politics.

* * *

But the reader must never forget that even Professor Keith's authority is limited by the fluidity which always characterized British constitutional developments. He can only tell us what is true today; and that may be altered by the establishment of some new precedent to-morrow. In his own preface, for example, he has to comment on the new position created, after his book had gone to press, by a sudden general election resulting in the novelty of a "minority government." And this fluidity is specially characteristic, at the moment, of the relations between Britain and the Dominions. Professor Keith can tell us the existing law and practice; but how far do the various electorates understand them? And if and when they do understand them, will they be content, or will they desire a more definite expression either of local freedom or of imperial unity, a looser or a tighter system of relationship? Only when those basic questions are answered can the constitution of the British Empire as a whole develop into anything like a certain or durable form.

Public interest, in these days at any rate, fastens chiefly on the political aspects of the British Commonwealth. After all they are paramount. Disrupt its political framework and it ceases to exist. Nevertheless there are readers who will be more interested in Mr. Evan Lewin's "Resources of the Empire" and Dr. Balfour's and Dr. Scott's "Health

Problems of the Empire" than in the two books discussed above. The information they provide has hitherto only been obtainable in innumerable scientific articles or economic pamphlets or official reports and statistics. Both books, therefore, were needed; and both are well done. Mr. Lewin's survey of the development, actual and potential, of all the main natural resources of a world-wide realm is at once an education in economic geography and a tonic for those who dread the dwindling of the world's wealth. But the theme of "Health Problems" is the finest of all. It describes first the growth of a "health conscience" in all parts of the Empire; next the nature of the chief "imperial diseases" and the efforts to combat them; and lastly what the authors call "imperial burdens," such as Child-Welfare, Alcoholism and the Drug Habit. It is a grim, but an inspiring story, and those who suspect something sinister in all the activities of white men in the tropics should take up this book first of the four and read of British scientists, often and generously aided by their American comrades in research, selflessly fighting the miseries and devastation of tropical disease.

Essays in Criticism

DEFINITIONS. Second Series. By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by ALLAN MONKHOUSE,
Literary Editor, *Manchester Guardian*

I OPENED Dr. Canby's book at an article on Miss Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady," and at once he gained my goodwill. He speaks of the "haunting beauty" of that story and these are the right words. Sometimes they appear as a cliché, but the cliché can be wrested from common use. "A Lost Lady" haunted me for days after I read it. And yet it is a singularly apt illustration of the point that when the harsh substance of life is made into an image of beauty it loses its power to depress. Dr. Canby has said frankly that American books lack beauty and here he seizes upon its precious manifestation. To old-fashioned people, at least, it means more than suavity.

Yet though the articles on particular people are always valuable and interesting—among the subjects are Mark Twain, Hudson ("lonely but important rebel"), Woodrow Wilson as man of letters, H. G. Wells, Fenimore Cooper—it is mainly by its essays upon "tendencies, prejudices, and perplexities in literature" that this book will be judged. Dr. Canby is of his time and he is rather the champion of the turbulent present than its apologist. Yet he can approve and even denounce, if always in measure, with discretion. Perhaps I am too much in agreement with this book to write a good review of it; it might be easier if Dr. Canby had some bee in his bonnet. So much that one may have thought vaguely and weakly, in his pages is clear and strong. He is always fair and you could trust him to put your own case against himself. Sometimes, indeed, if you be a careless reader you may begin to wonder which side he is on. He gives the texts for innumerable discourses and it is difficult, with so much that is suggestive, to keep within bounds. There are illuminating sentences which on any dull page would stand out as epigrams. But there are no dull pages.

* * *

Dr. Canby takes a wide view of literature, especially of its manifestation in fiction. He is no sectarian but he stands for faith; for an art not whimsical and unrelated but conditioned by a sane world. He belongs to the main body and encourages the pioneers. In English literature to-day, he says, there is no principle of resemblance as there was in Shakespeare's time or Pope's. It is the age of experiment and the interest in the experiment is "outside of the ego and beyond its past experience." Yet the other day an English critic of fiction, Mr. Gerald Gould, headed a section of his book "The Egoism-Specialists" and we may agree that, among other things, humanity is intensely conservative. It seems, though, that we turn inward now and revolt against what we find there; we perform the feat of becoming spectators of ourselves, of making the subject the object. Like the American playwright, Miss Susan Glaspell, we would hasten evolution, stretch ever so far beyond our reach.

Dr. Canby is far too sane a critic to love himself in the vague. Our evolution may be increasingly conscious but the books that strike us as original,

such as the "Spoon River Anthology" or Mr. Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" come of an intense study of their subjects. And as we realize that the world is not quite that on which our conventions are modelled there is what Dr. Canby calls a "slow swinging away from discipline and self-restraint"; and we are to control circumstance rather than bow to it. To the historic mind the revolt is not sudden or sporadic; in his illuminating exposition Dr. Canby even points to Tennyson as feeling "all the impulses to doubt and to break free and to experiment which the young rebels who despise him have adopted as their rule of life." Perhaps experiment in literature is apt to become merely social history or its material; it is commonly but a means to something permanent. And, by the way, Dr. Canby suggests that experimental literature breeds experimental criticism. Criteria are discredited and the critic, occasionally, is beset with fear that he may make a fool of himself. Possibly this may cause the acceptance of strange things to be more suave than it would have been a generation ago.

The reaction against dogmatism has gone far and without some fixity of belief the prospect seems chaotic. One of the finest features of Dr. Canby's book is the appreciation of writers and even of tendencies which, in some measure, he deplores. The epitome of one very difficult subject is that it is not a question of sea or no sea—that is settled—but of sea in proportion or out of proportion. Again, though egoism and restlessness may be qualities in modern moods, he says: "There is one kind of literary contraction now pinching us which I do not mean to praise . . . the contraction of fear." We must not abandon our freedom in the interests of a "debased puritanism."

* * *

To novel writers Dr. Canby offers an incitement. There are, or have been, two great divisions: those who draw the large objective figures such as Tom Jones or Mr. Pickwick, and those who penetrate curiously into their own minds. Does the novelist look at the world about him for his subject or into his own soul? The difference is more than one of terminology in these days when the idea is apt to push aside the character. And now we are invited to pursue an intimate investigation into the souls of others. Doubtless it has been done but we are to attempt the more subtle intimacies. Our characters must be in terms of ourselves but they must not be limited by ourselves before we knew them. The model must be imaginatively observed. We must seize upon people as they are and not merely as symbols of evolutionary progress. There remains the necessity for some kind of faith, for a belief in order and even in progress.

And here, perhaps, one may hint at what, if valid at all, is rather a difference than a disagreement. Some of us may boggle a little at this criticism of movements and tendencies when it seems to acquire in the neglect of "great talents" a little aside from the main line. It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" contains no reference to Shakespeare except in a note that is not by Mr. Wells. Is it inevitable in histories and reviews of literature that great and positive merits should come second to mere pioneering? The neglect of Meredith, to which Dr. Canby refers without protest, is doubtless a passing phase. In any history of the moral content of fiction he could hardly take a second place; he has yet adherents who set in his poems and novels a matchless expression of life and art.

* * *

It must be acknowledged that the average Englishman does not know much of American literature. His recollections of Emerson and Longfellow are becoming hazy and he has hardly realized Whitman as the head of a great movement though I remember being told by an American professor many years ago that the importance attached to Whitman here was puzzling to Americans. But now we are in process of enlightenment; the American novel, short story, poem, play are penetrating to our consciousness. We would all be pioneers nowadays but the pioneering lacks direction and the American excursions and experiments are sometimes more daring than our own. It is hard for the conscious critic to keep pace, to give his prepossession fair value, to refuse concessions to the plausible and meretricious. The future of American literature will be extraordinarily interesting and various. It must assimilate great masses of immigrants—Ital-

ian, Russian, German; a negro literature is on the way; it will have its share in "expressionism" for, as Dr. Canby says with gentle irony, the coherence of life is only a hypothesis. The enormous energy of the United States is yet very much outside literature: "The fineness of America has long since and again and again gone into books. Its bigness has eluded us." Dr. Canby, an honest critic, deplores lack of beauty in American style but he has some gentle railing of critics from abroad who insist on telling America all about herself; "What the sincere American artist needs is not advice but a hearing."

Truly, American criticism is to be reckoned with. We have problems in common and if accomplishments in literature are not quite in common the differences are all for our delight. Dr. Canby's book is one of the most informing and stimulating. He has a wide but not a weak tolerance and he rouses those of us who are disposed to decline comfortably on what we like. "A wind of freedom is blowing through literature" and it is for our refreshment. Dr. Canby is of his age and he has faith in it. To be worthy of his enlightened criticism would be no mean ambition.

On the Trail

JUNGLE BEASTS I HAVE CAPTURED. By CHARLES MAYER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$4 net.

Reviewed by REXFORD W. BARTON

"**A**TIGER, a rhino, and the Ghost Mountain!" That is just the beginning of this incidental tale of adventure and ingenuity, of white magic in green jungles; by a man who "has spent eighteen years as an animal trapper in the Malay Peninsula."

Charles Mayer is not the big game hunter of Africa; the killer who tracks and treks "into the blue," fires a few random shots from his high-power express rifle, and spends the rest of his years drawing out his "adventures" with complacent indifference to a group of bored listeners, while the sightless, glittering eyes of his trophies gaze down upon him in bewilderment at the tales of their magnificent ferocity.

Charles Mayer is a hunter of big game, but the crack of his rifle is seldom heard. His weapons are ropes of twisted rattan; stout, bamboo poles; coarse, native-made nets; deep, tapering pits; and his own ready genius for turning a doubtful situation to his advantage. The dead trophy of the ordinary hunter is only half the adventure. After days of paddling up jungle-cliffed rivers; of cutting tortuous tunnels through the elastic, shadow-checkered, tropical vegetation; of spreading nets and laying snares; days of hardship and excitement more thrilling than fall to the lot of most of us in a lifetime, comes the strategic encounter between man and animal. Tiger or python, orang-utan or elephant, rhino, *seladang* or leopard the story is vivid and swift as the capture itself. And, even here, the excitement does not end. The caged animals must yet be transported out of their native wilds on their journey to the lands of circuses and zoos.

* * *

There are many and interesting anecdotes, *en passant*. We sit on the royal floor with his Highness the Sultan of Trangganu while he negotiates a concession for mining tin; we meet a scarred and grinning old pirate from North Borneo who tells a tale of torture and murder as gruesome as an incident from the Inquisition; we learn the tricks of training an elephant and hear the story of a tiger trainer who thought he knew his cat; we watch, from our safe perch in the branches of a tree, a fight to the death between a tiger and a buffalo; we weather a typhoon in the Indian Ocean and see a valuable cargo of wild animals and bullocks washed overboard; we are present at a public execution and wonder at the grim, stolid interest of the Malay spectators as they stand entranced at the revolting scene.

We can forgive the article form of the chapters and the undue repetition of unessential details, because the whole narrative moves so surely and swiftly. But we find it hard to overlook the fact that Mr. Mayer did not supply his incomparable Chinese "boy," Hsi Chu I, with a Kodak and a quantity of films. We quite understand that Mr. Mayer, himself, had no time for clicking even the most self-sufficient camera.

The Roughneck

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THIS Jerry Delane he is the hero and his father invented a left-hand money-wrench or something and it was stole by a multi-millionair name Austin so he was a poor orphan and an athlete and always studying mostly poetry books like John G. Whittaker or Robert W. Service and saying quotations like

Lost with the lust of madness, shunned like curs accursed,
Gnashing their teeth in sadness, over the borders they burst,
Behold the men and their lemons, curse with a cruel cold,
Blowing their nose like demons, they ravish the Yukon's gold.

So he got very intelligent and a professional ballplayer but the manager's safe got busted and they put him in the pen for three years and it was not him. So when he got out he was very stern and embittered and had somber defiance in his gase and dead sore on society so he was a great prize-fighter and every time he nearly got licked and when they counted nine on him he got up and busted the other gink on the point of the jaw and good-night.

So he went to crack the multimillionairs safe because he had not no right to the money he stole off his father but he come in while he was cracking er so he had to croak the multi with a bronze Buddy and go be a beachcomer in the south sea islands.

Well then he had a fight with a whole bunch of beachcomers name Mackrel and Windy and etc and bust them on point of the jaw like he always done. So there was a peach of a girl name Velocity and you bet she earned it and a fellow name Daffydil or Hycinth or some flower tried to kiss her so he bust him on the point of the jaw and that was all for him for awhile. So the girl owned an island but nobody knew it and the beachcomers stuck up and bust him with four clubs on the head at once and they threw him overboard and a peach of a native girl pulled him out and fell for him but nothing doing he was so pure and everything.

So this Daffydil got after Velocity again and run her acrossed rivers and everything till they come to a leppers village where they had leppersy and no faces nor eyelids nor nothing but all holes and Daffy got her into a boat and there was Jerry all the time and sailed her and he to a island and it was hers. So there was a overseer running it and did not know her so Jerry got arrested and she got him out Velocity did. And they arrested her and she told them who she was and where they got off at so they locked her in a leppers cabin and he got her out so the Chinamen chased her and he for miles up mountains to a boat and nearly got wrecked but there was a gape in the reef and she kissed him and says for he to kiss her and he cried in anguish ah no and beat it because he never kissed a girl before but he come back and said some quotations like

Oh hark to the toot of the malamute that's known as Dan McGrew
Ill bust the snoot of the damn galoot that stole my Lady Lou.

Then first thing the beachcomers got the drop on him with a gun and some rope they tied him with and kissed Velocity so suddenly a cool clam voice says what devil work is this and his name was Hillcrest and she fell for him so Jerry and her sailed to the island and one night a ghost looked in and Jerry bust it on the point of the jaw and pulled its head off and it was not nothing only false to scare him and they kicked him out again the overseer. So he says I will get even with you and suddenly a missionary come and it was the overseer again in disguise and Jerry hit him on the point of the jaw and pulled his whiskers off and says you are Skeeter Simms used to be a ball player and robbed the safe not me so they buried him up to his neck and land crabs eat him his eyes first and they got even with him.

So a half-breed name Mato was finding pearls on the island and the beachcomers asked him gimme them pearls and a very tall man with somber eyes hit them on the point of the jaw and suddenly it was Jerry. So the boy beachcomer Mackrel says take a gang and form a crodon round the house and they says what is a crodon and he gives them a kick and says do not ask no questions sternly. So that is as far as it has went before the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV

Velocity came out on the porch. There were two beachcombers on the lawn.

"What do you want?" she asked with clear cut features and a mass of tawny hair.

"We want a drink," said Macara insolently. The Chinese brought a tray with two tall glasses of opaline liquid. Macara raised his glass. "Stew you, lady."

But even as he spoke and he spoke very even, a shot rang out and the glass was shattered. "Beat it," said Jerry from the doorway. They beat it.

* * *

Jerry and Velocity sat on the verandah with nothing but a lamp between them. "Nato is burying his pearls in the cellar," said Jerry coolly. A shot rang out! Sudden darkness!! The smell of kerosene!!!

"My God! They've shot out the lamp," said Jerry coolly.

Mato appeared in the doorway. "I think I go," he said and slipped into the darkness.

"A—a-a-b-c-d-e-f!" The scream was awful.

"What have they done to Mato?" she queried.

"Canned him" said Jerry coolly. The occasion called for action. He put his arm around her. "Hillcrest's coming, look out," she said "Do you hear the throb of the motor-boat?" "I thought it was you breathing in my ear" he said coolly.

Then shots, shouts, curses. . . .

Hillcrest lay in the road. Two beachcombers stood over him. Then something white and swift came at them. A swift right to the point of one jaw, a swift left to the point of the other and Jerry was bounding back up the hill carrying Hillcrest.

Velocity met him at the door.

"We are in trouble" said she "The cook has left."

Suddenly four men emerged from the darkness in single file because Jerry's ammunition was running low. A single shot, four yells and they dropped. Suddenly six assailants appeared before him. He fired twice. Eight fell dead.

Suddenly a single figure crept slowly round the corner of the house. A shot rang out. Both assailants fell dead. There was a moment of silence. He felt a sense of boredom and strolled into the house. Velocity stared at him.

"Where have you left your other arm?" she queried.

"Outside," he said "Shot off. It's nothing. A mere scratch."

"To the tower!" she cried.

* * *

They shut the trap-door. The beachcombers were in the house. Each opened a case of champagne and drank its contents. They became intoxicated and made demoniac sounds. Jerry slowly bled to death.

"By the way" said Velocity "Are you any relation to Desmond Delane?"

"Son," said he coolly. "Why do you ask?"

"Well then Stilwell Austin left you a million dollars in his will."

"Are you sure it was a million?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, a round million."

"How do you know it was round?" he asked suspiciously.

"Because Stilwell Austin was my father," she said solemnly.

A profound uncanny silence (four dots to indicate lapse of fifteen minutes) Jerry looked at her in the strangest way—through his ears.

"Your father?" at last he said, coolly.

"Yes."

"Your father?"

"Excuse me for changing the subject, but they have set the house afire" said Velocity.

"Why, so they have," said he coolly.

He seized a blanket and wrapped it about her head.

"You might catch cold" he said coolly. He seized her in his arm and jumped out of the window.

* * *

The rescuers arrived just in time. One chopped a beachcomber with an ax. Another used a crowbar. So passed several beachcombers.

Jerry lay very still, both legs and his other arm broken off. He turned his head. Macara, the last of the beachcombers, was crawling toward them, revolver in hand levelled at Velocity. With one bound Jerry was upon him. He gripped the revolver in his teeth, thrust it into Macara's ear and fired twice. The second shot was more or less superfluous.

He turned to Velocity. "We were speaking of your father. I killed him," he said simply.

"You are mistaken" she said simply "There was another burglar behind the window curtains. The man you killed was not my father. It was the other burglar. He subsequently killed my father. He admitted it just after he committed suicide. You are innocent!"

"Well" said Jerry simply "That's very nice, I'm sure. And now since everything is cleared up, if you'll excuse me I think I'll die."

* * *

There is a green mound by the sea. The waves let wipple on the beach, the lagoon is crushed sapphire, from afar comes the bassoon of the reef.

Here where Time dreams there is Peace . . . solitude . . . but not Jerry . . . They must of buried him somewhere else for this green mound is just a kind of accidental hummock.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The BOWLING GREEN

L'Homme Qui Rit

I HAD felt for a long time that it might happen; now it has. But first I must tell you how time and feeling led up to it. Life is always leading up to things; then—as in this case—you find yourself unprepared, and behave disgracefully.

It is the calm, suspended expectancy of autumn that has something to do with it. Over these coasts there now lingers the yellow quiet of October: as you bicycle softly through villages you smell cider on the air—the air that is so curiously mingled: it feels warm and smells cold; and sliding round a dropping bend you suddenly drift into a whole pool of moist chill. Red and yellow apples are piled in the fields; the eyes of donkeys are more wistful than ever; your wheels pass over little prickly mats of flattened chestnut burs—just as they used to in the woods round Haverford, twenty-five years ago, before our chestnut trees all died. Perhaps good American chestnuts, when they die, go to France?

The season of *bains de mer* ended in mid-September, all the visitors are gone, the little town has settled down—after a disastrously wet season—to the long pull through the winter: you see the tradesmen apprehensively getting ready to live on one another. Old Julie, our tumultuous factotum, will shortly go back to her normal life as a fishwife. I wondered why she was so eager to have the Microcosm's baby-carriage when we leave. Now the truth is out: she says it will be fine to sell fish in, *pour gagner ma petite vie pendant l'hiver*. But she must be careful to balance the fish in it just right, as we had to the baby, because it's one of those French prams that shut up suddenly into a kind of sandwich.

It's this drowsed and apprehensive sweetness of October that the *baindeurists* miss by going back to Paris so early. Perhaps some day you'll go along the hidden leafy road from Donville to Mme. Lebrun-Hecquard's inn *A la Rivière* at Coudeville; where you can sit at a small yellow table under the passion flower—that strangely Freudian plant—and have whatever *consommation* you prefer. After your port wine (which the French drink *before* dinner, as a kind of cocktail, and very sensible, too), Madame having lit the fire in the little sitting room, you can tackle chicken *en cocotte* bathed in a noble gravy, and an omelet that has somehow inherited just a faint tingle of onion: nothing so gross as the pearly bulb itself but the misted maiden tears of a young female onion in distress. It was there, with a bottle of *vin d'Anjou*, that we sat with a poet and his wife and after deplored the lack of reticence in the passion flower, fell upon a discussion of the private life of the Russian aristocracy. We knew a good deal about this, as one of us had employed a governess who had once worked for a Russian grandee: we concluded (about the time the *vin d'Anjou* was finished) that the Russian nobility had led the lives of passion flowers; but that the real reason for their goings-on was that they were a hot-climate race compelled to live in a cold country, and that this had made them mad.

It was when I went back to Madame Hecquard's, some time later, to retrieve my walking stick which I had left there that evening, also a notebook full of memoranda about some phantoms in a book that doesn't get written very fast, that I specially remarked this October vacancy and air of attendance. It is a sober landscape: no flame colors as at home, just a gentle subsidence into pale brown and saffron. But the violets are still in flower, and roses, and the big cider casks, stoppered with a twist of straw, creak along the way. Or on these clear nights, on the grass-topped cliffs over the sea, the world is so still that one thinks one might almost arrive at some conclusion and yet turns uneasily away from that lucid sky because of its exquisite lack of meaning. A candy-peel slice of moon drifts down toward the rocks of Chausey, there is the heavy rattling crumble of high tide on the stony strip of upper beach, a mild air with strong grassy sweetness. How (one wonders) did we happen upon this one stretch of uplifted lonely pasture, spread superstitious above sea and bare to the night—just the field that one's mind required? Some day—and as an honorary member of the *Syndicat d'Initiative* of Donville-

les-Bains I suppose I should relish the idea—some day people will build upon that field and even imagine they own it: but some of it will be mine, and I and my phantoms will walk there unawares.

Now I am beginning to approach the matter. The soft and ripened solemnities of autumn, the long serenity of lonely sands, these tickled by the jovial absurdities of bilingual ménage, all had long put me in dangerous disequilibrium. That afternoon, it appears, Julie had groaned more than usual. These groans—which are not the expression of any undue torsion of withers, but a combined whistle, sigh, grunt, pant and hallelujah, accompanied by a roaring sneeze and a gargling of the glottis, are Julie's way of letting the household know that she is on the job. For, if by hazard as much as fifteen minutes have passed without Julie's having an opportunity to talk to someone, she begins to be doubtful of her own existence: she needs reassurance.

I asked the Urchin—who finds Julie a phenomenon as amazingly fascinating as a rainbow or a French locomotive—what Julie was groaning so much about. That's not groaning, he said, she's saying her prayers. I said that I did not think those emanations were exactly prayers, they seemed to me too vehement. Oh, yes, they are her prayers, he insisted; she always says something about Jesus after each one.

—You don't know nearly all the funny things that go on in this house, he said presently.

—I'm glad I don't, I said sternly; I know quite enough; it's difficult not to laugh at it is.

—Julie, I said, you had better repose yourself a few moments and take a glass of wine.

—Monsieur, she replied, there isn't any more red wine. (I began to see why the specially rich wave-length of the groans).

—Eh, well, Julie, take some of the white.

—Monsieur, the white wine takes me with strange drowsiness in the stomach.

A little later Julie returned to the matter of the small enamel coffee pot which I bought for five francs and on which her heart is set.

—It is only six days from now, Monsieur, that you will call for your good little coffee and there will be no Julie to bring it all hot.

—Julie, I reply, you are managing my weaknesses; I implore you not to agitate me.

—You will think then, Monsieur, in America, of that poor maiden who will be under the earth for all you know, the poor maiden to whom you gave this jolly small coffee pot as a souvenir.

—But Julie, if I give you that coffee pot (the old rascal has had a carriage-load of things given her already) what shall I have as a souvenir of you?

More groans in the kitchen, later. This is because Julie knows that to-night we are going over the proprietor's inventory, and the fact that she has broken eight out of the ten coffee cups will presently be discussed.

She begs us not to put the new ones, just bought for replacement, "in circulation" before we go. "I have," she truly says, "a very maladroit hand with cups."

But it was at the dinner table that it happened.

—Julie, these sardines are very good. I've left some for you.

—Monsieur, I adore them. But I can't take any: they lie at the bottom of my stomach for three days.

I could see them lying there; but I got by this corner safely. Then, forgetting she was not in the kitchen, Julie let off another groan. The tiny *salle à manger* vibrated.

—Julie, you groan much this evening.

—Sir, it is my unhappy feet. I have no blemish nowhere (she runs a patting hand over the superb rondures of her person) save in my feet. *Il's gonfle!*

It began to come. I couldn't help it. But she misunderstood my preliminary agitations.

Oui Monsieur, il's gonfle comme ça. And she seized the end of the bread-loaf to illustrate the size of those members when they *gonfle*.

It came. I laughed. I roared, I rocked, I cackled and wept and shook. The long restraint of months was broken, all Julie's adorable and maddening ways broke like surf on the pebbles of my mind, I caved in. I laughed . . . I laughed as a man laughs when he reads "*L'Ile des Pingouins*." How long is it since I have laughed like that?—Not since the *Saturday Review* was founded.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Man Builds the Town

THE PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE. By C. & A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. \$3.50.

ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. By CYRIL DAVENPORT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$2.40.

THE ARTIST'S LONDON. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1924. \$10.00.

Reviewed by EDWARD LONGSTRETH

THE attractive book by C. and A. Williams-Ellis on "The Pleasures of Architecture" is likewise another instance of the pleasures of reading, for its quaintly illustrated pages contain a pungent humor which gives the whole a zest rarely found in works dealing with the fine arts. The Williams-Ellises avoid dogmas and deal principally with persons, localities, and architectural styles, treating their serious thoughts lightly. A large part of the book is occupied with the tantalizing problems of domestic architecture, and as an illustration of bad planning there is a delightful sketch showing the remarkable itinerary of a royal dinner on its way from kitchen to dining room in Bal-moral Castle.

On the biographical side there is a sparkling chapter on the character and appearance of architectures with vivid impressions of Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren, Bernini, and others, and with a caustic exposure of commission hunting at the Court of Louis the Grand Monarch. The satire verges on lampoon when the modern types of architects are revealed. The summary of Ruskin and his hectic criticisms is in itself worth the book. The authors deal with him early with the evident intention of dismissing him with an emphatic gesture, but every chapter or so he needs attention again like an old mosquito bite that must be scratched.

Because the Williams-Ellises have made their book readable, no one should fail to receive its high seriousness and scholarship, or overlook the valuable bibliography and index. There is, for instance, a noble chapter on teaching the elements of architecture in the schools, a move with which I am in hearty accord. I have still a horrible recollection of the looks directed toward me when I asked a class of students at a great American university to write a paper on a very general architectural subject. There was not a single one of the representative young Americans before me who knew the difference between Gothic and Classic styles. Consequently I read with keen enthusiasm the statement that the principles of architecture are taught not only in English colleges but in some of their schools.

• •

The book by Cyril Davenport on "Architecture in England" is much more specific in subject but no less useful to the citizens and subjects of both countries. It is an elementary handbook, not well written, not well edited, but full of useful information about the architectural remains of England. It contains a description of the important and significant features of all cathedrals, churches, abbeys and chapels of consequence in its province. There is a merciful brevity regarding the last fifty years, excepting the observation that Sir Aston Webb is the first president of the Royal Academy who has also been an architect. The modern building that calls for attention is the Westminster Cathedral now being constructed in the Byzantine style. No mention is made of the heavy and uninspired mass of the new Cathedral of Liverpool.

"The Artist's London" concentrates our view from architecture in general to that of London in particular. The book is almost entirely illustration, as must naturally be the case, for it is in pictures the artist must be allowed to express himself on

London. But it was considered necessary, unfortunately, to have four artists of words write essays for the first pages, as though they would add something to the illustrations which are statements in their own rights. After all, paint and pencil are the artist's means of expressing himself and his statements will not be materially enhanced by reading matter that is unrelated or even by reading matter that is related.

After all, in this book the pictures are the things. They are splendid reactions and comments, demonstrating many things about London and contemporary British art. The Thames plays a large part in the collection, as it should. There are eighty plates, several in color like the bustling "Picadilly Circus" by Henry Rushbury, R. E., and the water colors of "Liverpool Street Station" by Frank Brangwyn, R. A., and two Thames views by George Clausen, R. A., and William Walcot, R. E., in both of which that same London fog which Mr. Drinkwater finds so obnoxious in art, plays an important part.

The architecture of London is most lovingly and picturesquely drawn in pen and water color, pencil, and needle. There are views of "Pall Mall East" by Muirhead Bone, and drawings of Whitehall, Lambeth, and Wimbledon by Francis Dodd, and of Drury Lane Theatre, and Hampstead by Francis Unwin. In reactions to London life the artists have many comments to make. Laura Knight, A. R. W. S., shows us the interior of the Regent Theatre. It is in these commentaries on the humanity of London that we recognize the love for the literary subject in art which has seized the British artist with a grip that will apparently never be broken. Consider the view of "The Metropolitan Music Hall," an etching by Ian Strang, and the attention of the beholder will gravitate to a young couple in the audience the male half of which is gazing rapturously toward an upper box and the female half of which is about to ask several pointed and leading questions. The same literary interest dominates the etching by Maresco Pearce and that of "Any London Street" by C. R. W. Nevinson, in which children fight and cry and skip rope. In one case this story-telling fades, and, as near as one can judge by looking at a reproduction, the greater and more beautiful qualities dominate. I refer to the pen and wash drawing "Repairing the Road by St. Paul's," by George Soper. The dignity and simplicity of the composition, the fine action and masterful drawing in this work make the oil paintings of "The House of Lords" and "Hyde Park Corner: The Return of the Prince of Wales from India," by Sir John Lavery, seem almost meretricious.

This book is London, from Thames Embankment to Hyde Park Corner and the Prince of Wales; from Covent Garden, Drury Lane and the Alhambra to Brixton Hill, Wimbledon and Hampton Court. The people live and the buildings sympathetically house them in these pictured pages, and, in a way no page of type could ever hope to describe, these artists have given us the habiliments and the very soul of the great city that is both theirs and ours.

—
A collection of historical documents, autograph letters and plans of George Clinton, governor of New York from 1741 to 1751, will be sold at Hodgson's in London this season. The collection is not confined to letters relating to the government of the Colony alone; there are letters and drafts in the handwriting of Cadwallader Colden, papers relating to the wars against the Five Indian Nations, the original document presenting the freedom of the City of New York to Governor Clinton in 1743, letters from other governors of the colonies, autograph material of and relating to the British commander-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton, intercepted letters from Washington, and letters of Major André and Benedict Arnold.



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Foreign Literature**Bismarck the Second**

KIDERLEN-WÄCHTER, STATTSMANN UND MENSCH. Edited by ERNST LACKH. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1924.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THIS second Bismarck, the "Swabian Bismarck"—referring to his place of birth—were titles commonly given to Alfred Kiderlen-Wächter, German Foreign Secretary until 1912 and central figure in the great Morocco affair with France in 1911. There was something to be said for the comparison. Quite early in his diplomatic career he was "discovered" by the Iron Chancellor, who was no mean judge of intelligence and strength of character, and as he advanced in the German Diplomatic Service more parallels asserted themselves. Not the least was the manner in which he was treated by his imperial master. The ex-Kaiser did not go so far as to dismiss Kiderlen, but for years he was denied the promotion which was his due and, even after he had arrived at the Foreign Secretariat he was kept outside important negotiations—such as the famous Haldane conversations—and only told of important steps in foreign policy after they had been taken by the Emperor.

Professor Ernst Jäckh, historian and political writer, was the ideal editor for Kiderlen-Wächter's memoirs and papers. He was an intimate friend of the statesman, he enjoyed the confidence of that rather mysterious lady, Hedwig Kypke, familiarly called "Heting," to whom Kiderlen addressed, not only much passionate correspondence—despite the fact that, for some unaccountable reason, they never married—but vast quantities of correspondence on questions of politics and diplomacy. This lady died in 1918, leaving all Kiderlen's papers, including despatches and diaries of the highest historical value, to Professor Jäckh, who, in these two substantial volumes, has made a selection of the most important documents and has equipped them with a running commentary, enabling the reader to appreciate, for the first time, Kiderlen's character as a man and his achievement as a statesman.

The comment is frankly that of an admirer and friend. Its keynote is struck in Professor Jäckh's Introduction, in which he asserts: "Alfred von Kiderlen-Wächter was a statesman of first-rate calibre from the school of Bismarck—many say the only statesman. He arrived too late and he departed too soon for his work to succeed, for him to arrest the catastrophe he dreaded by his 'Europeanism' of politics, by his system of 'organized pacifism.'"

* * *

For some years Kiderlen's place of "banishment" was the German Legation in Bucharest. But even while he was there he played an important part, behind the scenes, in high German policy. He was often asked for advice by this or that chancellor, and in 1909 he sketched a project for an Anglo-German understanding on which Bethmann-Hollweg was later able to work. He played a leading part in the settlement of the Bosnian crisis, by firm representations to Russia; he was one of the few German diplomats who appeared to grasp the real basis of the Anglo-French Entente, and after the Agadir crisis he was entrusted with the task of arriving at some *modus vivendi* with France. His negotiations with M. Jules Cambon, carried on in secrecy in Berlin, will be fresh in most memories. It will be remembered that they gave rise to much suspicion in London, where it was thought that German diplomacy, under Kiderlen's guidance, was "waving the big stick" too threateningly, making too far-reaching demands on England's partner. And that this really was the case is shown in these documents. Kiderlen used the strong method in diplomacy; he played for high stakes with complete *abandon*, for who knows that, had he failed, the European war, or at least a Franco-German war, would not have arrived a year or two sooner. He did not fail, however. A Franco-German understanding on African questions was reached by a method of give-and-take which earned Kiderlen much unpopularity among German jingoes, and Professor Jäckh has little difficulty in showing that this, to Kiderlen's clear-sighted mind, was only a step towards a much more important goal, an understanding with England. But it was here that the man who, to Kiderlen, was the "villain of the piece," comes on the stage—Admiral Tirpitz. As

his conversation with the Roumanian statesman, Take-Jonescu, reveals, he had told both Tirpitz and the Kaiser, that they were "steering straight for war with England." He was disregarded; negotiations were undertaken behind his back; telegrams were even sent by the Kaiser to the German Ambassador in London, one in particular telling him to advise Sir Edward Grey that a recall of the British Fleet from the Mediterranean to the North Sea would be regarded as a threat of war. Kiderlen's attitude during the last few months of his life might be summed up in saying that it was a resignation to the inevitable—which might, however, not have been so inevitable, had he been left a free hand and given time to achieve his object.

Our shelves groan beneath the scores of German political memoirs published since the end of the war, but at whatever cost—and there are not a few which might now be discarded—room must be made for these two recent volumes, whose romantic interest is matched only by their historical importance.

A Tale of France

LE MASQUE AUX YEUX D'OR. By ALBERIC CAHUET. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. New York: Brentano's. 1924.

THIS novel deviates hardly at all from the typical French manner in telling its tale of love. Michel Saint-Laur, a handsome young lieutenant, becomes enamored of Manoëla Gonzales, a beautiful Mexican girl, apparently incapable of sexual emotion. The affair seems hopeless, and Michel bears his grief as an upright and brave man should. In the course of his duties he is sent to Sainte-Marguerite, to keep guard over the disgraced Maréchal Bazaine, and in the lonely island he occupies his time in raising herbs. It happens that Manoëla is very much indebted, a debt strengthened by a vow, to Bazaine who, while commander of the French armies in Mexico, had saved the life of her brother. She is also a very intimate friend of Bazaine's wife, who is of Mexican birth. So she enters into a plot with the friends of Bazaine to free the incarcerated Maréchal. It is her duty to keep Michel in hand. To her surprise she finds him caring more for his honor than for her love. She resorts thereto upon the more effective argument of the poniard. Bazaine escapes. Michel recovers. Manoëla asks and receives pardon.

Not the story but the telling is often the true criterion of value. "Le Masque aux Yeux d'Or" is in parts very well told. The beauty of Manoëla is made palpable from its instant effect upon those who behold her. That Michel should have loved her is therefore obvious; that he should have been more dutiful than loving is as unquestioned—he being a soldier and the son of a soldier. The manner in which Manoëla reacted to her numerous admirers is related with less conviction. One cannot help feeling that she is made to act somewhat arbitrarily, without sufficient cause.

Foreign Notes

MADELINE GAUTIER, whose novel "Satan, Qui Le Connait?", has recently been published in France (Paris: Baudiniere), has been winning high commendations from critics. Her new tale is said to be wrought with much sincerity and delicacy, and to be an effective and moving piece of work. It is the chronicle of a man of inherently weak nature whose tendency toward lack of decision and energy has been increased by confinement in a German prison camp, and who in the noble and sympathetic woman he meets at a Provencal resort to which he has gone in search of vigor, finds the uplifting influence he needs. Unfortunately, however, the affection she gives him does not suffice, and he turns from her for the love which his lust demands to her sister. The tragedy of the triple relationship is powerfully worked out.

In his "Le Sel de la Terre" (Paris: Malfer) Raymond Escholier has painted in vivid colors the ugliness, the suffering, and the heroic beauty of war. His book, which purports to present the letters of a

(Continued on next page)

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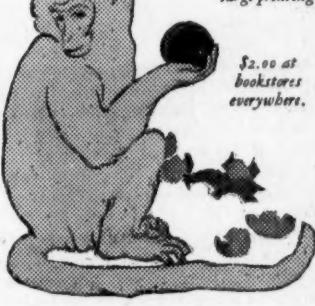
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Latin American Literature

By ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

A GENERAL review of the present-day literature of Latin America is rather a large order. There are twenty countries comprised under that Latin term, reflecting every degree of culture, race mixture, social conditions, and so forth. They spread over half the longitude of our hemisphere; they have no direct means of communication among the majority of them, and yet one would like to find a common denominator for their literary output, when these United States, bound by all kinds of mechanical and spiritual ties, cannot boast of many representative American books.

But the temptation, more than that, the need for a comprehensive outlook of the whole of Latin American letters persists, just the same. At least there are two reasons for attempting this survey. First, so little is known here of the cultural life of the Southern peoples, that a bare outline will be sufficient, and second, the very dissimilarity in language, taste and literary expression that stands between the American and the Latin-American writer, should make it easy to point out some rough family resemblances in the production of the Latin American peoples.

And so it is, at least for the man who has had the opportunity to look from afar upon the characteristics of his own race. Latin American literature is today more sober in style, less romantic in its tendencies and consequently more conscious of its immediate surroundings than it was twenty years ago, at the time of the vogue of Vargas-Vila of Colombia. This arch decadent who turned the head of the older generation of today passed last year in a tour of the southern republics without a single demonstration being made in his honor. The younger generation simply ignored him, while its elders hardly could suppress a flush of shame at the thought of their past cult. There can be no more neat proof of the changes in the spirit of that literature during the first quarter of the century than this indifference toward one of the idols of yesterday.

Nationalism? Yes, but not narrowly local. Realism? Of course, though leaving room for the play of the imagination. It seems as if no one wants to be fooled any more with the labels of school and the limitations of cliques. The Latin American writer owes it to his environment to reflect in a material way only what has been within the reach of his personal experience, but he thinks it is the business of his inner personality to assert his own temperament as the final judge of what and how he must express that reality. As to nationalism, he is aware that language and race are more effective boundaries than any political limitation; and having witnessed the short life of localisms or purely provincial expressions, he is striving for a language that is clear, well-balanced and equally intelligible to all of Spanish America. (Brazil appears to be torn between the desire of retaining her colonial language and the urge to cultivate her own mixture at the margin of the Portuguese.)

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For many years a sharp distinction has been drawn between what is called in Latin America "Tropical Literature" in opposition to the production of the temperate countries—Mexico, on the North; Argentina, Uruguay, Bolivia and Chile in the South. Such distinction, however, is today less accurate than it may have been in times past. The charge of tropicalism involved a rebuke of the literature it designated on the ground of its being purely verbal and making prodigal use of well-sounding words for the words' sake. In fact, the tropical writer had succeeded in recreating that jargon called poetical or literary language, which was the curse of Spanish letters in the post-classic period.

It must be admitted, nevertheless, that the reaction set in within the very limits of the ravaged zone; the moderating influence did not come from outside, but, on the contrary, some of the worst sinners were to be found on temperate soil, while some of the coolest heads in our present literature are beneath the tropical sun. In so far as the tropically-born movement of "decadentism" was an effort to refresh the meaning and enlarge the effectiveness of the language, it was a benevolent one. When a spark of genius was its driving force, as in the case of the Nicaraguan Rubén Darío and Herrera-Reissig, the Uruguayan, both men of uncanny ability for the coining of new forms of expression, that particular work was bound to fructify and endure. On the other hand, the ideo-logic shallowness and the lack of restraint

of decadentism could not satisfy its own masters in their mature years.

In this way we come to the terse language and familiar tone of the later poetry of Darío and the polished, sculptoric prose of Rodo of Uruguay. The Colombian Guillermo Valencia sticks to his compound of symbolic images and decadent style, and so he becomes cold as classical marble. Two explosive poets of yesterday, Diaz-Mirón (Mexico) and Chocano (Peru), become converted to sobriety, as the Argentine Lugones does temporarily between his "Montañas de Oro" and "Crepúsculos del Jardín." By degrees Latin American poetry approaches the simplicity of old, at the same time that it gains in spiritual elevation. We should say that our poets are today more in earnest, if we did not know that artists display as much earnestness when they seem to be toying with pen or brush, as when they affect the forms of Franciscan simplicity.

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At any rate, the results seem today more enduring. With the passing of bohemia, the literary profession in Latin America has become as respectable as, say, that of stamp-collector or astronomer—a trifle queer, perhaps, but nevertheless tolerated and by no means standing in the way of a diplomatic post or even a judicial career. Judge Arturo Capdevila, the subtle poet of Argentina, or His Excellency Alcides Arguedas, Minister of Bolivia in France, are examples of the literary man who has not let worldly considerations influence his art, but on the contrary consecrates himself to it despite all kinds of prejudice. Together with them there is a long list of novelists, critics and poets of Latin America who have become representatives of their countries not only in a literary but in an official sense as well. The late Amado Nervo, the exquisite poet from Mexico, and his contemporary González-Martínez; the novelist and essayist Diaz-Rodríguez of Venezuela; Gracar-Aranha and Rodriguez-Larreta, the greatest stylists of Brazil and Argentina, respectively; Francisco García-Calderon of Peru, one of the most cultivated minds of the New World; the critic Zaldumbide of Ecuador; Dublé-Urrutia, the Chilean poet; Ambassador Alfonso Reyes of Mexico, and many other pen-workers are at present serving their countries in foreign fields. That they should have attained so high a position among their fellow-citizens is, to my mind, proof of the effectiveness with their generation, for, as is the practice in politics, official recognition comes only for those who represent a real influence in the community.

In countries of a high average of literacy, national literature is finding wide response. After establishing the creole stage upon a paying basis, Argentina is giving its writers the right stimulus by reading their books. The Municipal Council of Buenos Aires awards several thousand dollars each year as prizes for the best works on pure litera-

ture, science and history. The same can be said of several universities and newspapers that hold periodical literary contests in Chile, Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil and especially Mexico, whose Department of Education has gone so far as to issue popular editions of Latin and Greek classics. National literature that began with the treatment of folklore is now achieving in these lands the artistic treatment of life in its widest variety. The tendency to sociological dissection is yet strong among many novelists, but more and more we can detect an inclination towards interpreting their subject in an aesthetic sense only.

Of these new writers we may say that scarcely one has been translated into English. There are enough renderings of the Latin American classics, such as Marmol's "Amalia"; the "Martin Rivas" of Blest-Gana; Restrepo's "Pax"—all very mediocre novels ably translated. The depressing story told by the Brazilian Graca-Aranha in "Canaan" has turned many American readers from the beauties of form and thought the book does contain. Horacio Quiroga, the Uruguayan short-story teller, does not appear to have fared better in the recent translation of one of his jungle stories. There is a long waiting list of writers whose works must eventually be translated into the English language: Manuel Galvez and Ricardo Rojas (Argentina), Reyles (Uruguay), Chirivches (Bolivia), Halman, Maluenda, Santivan, Espinosa, Latorre in Chile; these and others are evidence to the gains in temperate climates of that fiction form that most requires restraint, lucidity and precision—the tale and the realistic story. But to this day no one Latin American writer has happened to meet the requirements the American public seems to have found only in Blasco-Ibañez, that is a sensational plot, plenty of gaudy color and made-to-order characters.

We must admit that the chance for popularity is not large for the best novelists or poets of Latin America outside of some literary circles in the United States. The Latin temperament's very conception of literature is opposed to it, for while the average American reader looks in a book almost exclusively for entertainment, no critical spirit in the author and a pleasant plot, the Latin American novelist seems more desirous of being paid in tears than with smiles. His peasant heroines never, never marry a millionaire—I do not know whether because we have there too many poor girls or so few wealthy youths.

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But there is one of the writers at least who should fill the bill to perfection. He is having in Argentina and Uruguay sales of one hundred thousand copies of some of his novels. There is always a pleasantly sentimental story in them, plainly told; well-observed bits of provincial life, some rough characters that come to grief in due time, and even if he cannot escape the racial curse of depressing endings—well, as for that, the movies have shown the translators how to change a funeral scene into a wedding. Someone should make haste to translate the

books of Hugo Wast, which is the pen-name of Argentina's most popular novelist, Señor Martínez-Zuviria.

Not less dramatic than his stories and vastly more artistic are the tales of the Brazilian Monteiro-Lobato, who has a devilish imagination and a mordant pen. Or the subtle observation of the Chilean Pedro Prado, to say nothing of the gripping power of his late countryman, Baldomero Lillo, whose miners' stories mark one of the highest attainments of our literature.

Modern poetry seems to be at present a woman's business over there. Three names are uppermost in the field: a Uruguayan Alfonsina Storni, the Argentine Juana Ibarbourou, and the Chilean Gabriela Mistral. All three appear to be inspired with the moral courage and vehemence of utterance with which the late poetess of Montevideo, Delmira Agustini, bared her soul before the astonished Latin American reader of a generation ago.

Foreign Notes

(Continued from preceding page)

soldier written during the heat of the Battle of Verdun, under fictitious form, presents a picture of great and effective verisimilitude, at once savage and pitiful.

A complete revised edition of the works of Anatole France was under way (Paris: Calman-Levy) at the time of the death of the French writer. It is to appear next year, now, alas! without complete revision by the author. France had been working over it with ardent interest, rewriting a sentence here, changing a punctuation mark there, recasting a passage on occasions. He personally chose the illustrators for the edition and suggested and supervised their work. It will contain all his hitherto published works, early articles contributed to periodicals, books published in limited edition, and a hitherto unpublished work which reveals France in a new light, a "Rabelais" written in the manner of Renan after the Dreyfus affair.

An extensive and valuable library of the late William Beattie of Glasgow, comprising a remarkable collection of works relating to Scottish life, history and literature, including publications of the Maitland, Bassatype and Hunterian Clubs, was recently sold at Sotheby's in London. The rare lots include an exceptional set of the first editions of Scott's "Waverley Novels"; a fine copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns' "Poems," 1786; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," 1719; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," 1766; and Shelley's "The Cenci," 1819. There are also several illuminated manuscripts and many fine old and modern bindings.

The new folio edition of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," beautifully printed on handmade paper, embellished with sixteen illustrations in wash and color by Charles Ricketts, and limited to 375 copies at five guineas each, has just been issued in London.



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THE SOUTHERN PLANTATION. By FRANCIS PENDLETON GAINES. Columbia University Press. \$2.75.

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Biography

THE TWENTY-FIFTH MAN. By ED. MORRELL. Montclair, N. J.: The New Era Publishing Co. 1924. \$2.00.

Combine the outlawed adventures of an Al Jennings, the zeal for reform of an Upton Sinclair, the effects of hellish torture at the Folsom and San Quentin penitentiaries, a naive self-laudation, a pioneering spirit, and you have the necessary ingredients of the character of Ed. Morrell, lone survivor of the California Outlaws, pardoned lifer, hero of Jack London's "The Star Rover," prison reformer, author of "The New Era Penology," "The Twenty-fifth Man," etc.—a very interesting and appealing character indeed.

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strength in the attempt to capture him. After many vain efforts he was finally caught and "railroaded" to prison for life. In prison he was a marked man, and the torture and cruelty inflicted upon him were beyond the endurance of an ordinary man. But Morrell was no ordinary man. He was saved from sure death by spiritual revelations—the value of which we do not undertake to ascertain. A change in administration brought him restitution, and consequently a full pardon, exactly in the manner he had prophesied when freed from the straight-jacket. Since his release he has been devoting his entire time to humanizing the American prison system.

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FRANCIS WILSON'S LIFE OF HIMSELF. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

HUDSON MAXIM. By CLIFTON JOHNSON. Doubleday, Page. \$5 net.

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The New Books

Economics

(Continued from preceding page)

SOCIALISM: CRITICAL AND CONSTRUCTIVE. By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50.

Fiction

SAILS OF SUNSET. By CECIL ROBERTS. Stokes. 1924. \$2.00.

A certain felicity in local color, a very pleasant style and an entertaining plot combine to make this book especially agreeable reading. It is the story of a young Englishman who while traveling through southern Italy falls in love with a beautiful Italian girl. Disguised as an artist he returns to the little fishing village where she lives and soon wins the love of the girl, the opposition of her father and the hatred of her lover. After some fierce encounters with the irate lover and an episode which takes the hero to England and disrupts the plot for a time the story arrives at a satisfactory conclusion. The picture of the little fishing village is done with a nicety of detail and a feeling for atmosphere, while the treatment of the minor characters, especially the village natives, is very skilful.

GOLDEN BALLAST. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$2.00.

Getting away to a flying start, H. de Vere Stacpoole rests on his laurels and allows a promising yarn of sea-lure and treasure quest to degenerate into a tame and sometimes irritating tale. Too often he seems a little hard put to it for devices to make the wheels go round. The promise of the early chapters fades and other promising leads are only blind alleys. To the very end hope of some stirring happening leads. But expectations come to naught. The tale trails out into mist on the horizon. Or rather it is like the barely audible singing of some one in a nearby room—a somewhat muffled voice flattening discernibly at times.

In "Golden Ballast" Mr. Stacpoole starts off from a new angle. His people are in possession of treasure almost as soon as the story opens. It is darkly hinted that the disguised cargo of the ownerless vessel is German or Bolshevik gold. And then nothing to warrant all the bother crops out.

It is necessary for Mr. Stacpoole's folk—Dicky and Sheila—to circumvent the government's potential claim as well as the villains who know of the bullion. But they have a very dull and stupid time of it. Not even the wind comes up, but only a wave of crabs on the shore of their little sub-tropical isle, whither they betake themselves to hide the gold so that they can claim to have found it in a more legitimate manner than is actually true. And land crabs are rather poor whetstones for sharpening heroism.

Mr. Stacpoole in "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Garden of God" turned out stories which entitle readers of "Golden Ballast" to be thoroughly disappointed. There are few blunders Dick and Sheila omit, and their author seems to have fallen at least a part time victim of their bad habits.

THE MAN FROM SMILING PASS. By ELIOT H. ROBINSON. Page. 1924. \$2.

The many readers of "Smiles," to which this is a sequel, will welcome further chronicles of that picturesque corner of the wild Cumberlands which Mr. Robinson has effectively made his own. It records the rise of Abe Blount from being merely Sheriff and "Abe" to the status of The Honorable Abe Blount, Congressman. It opens with a raid on a moonshine still, and runs through lively adventures in local politics, to say nothing of the necessary love story. It is sentimental, but not sloppy in spite of the connotations of its title. Mr. Robinson's people are realistically well done, although they are sometimes a bit cloying. As to that, the mountaineer is, in fact, a sentimentalist: one feels that the portraiture is faithful.

WIDE WATERS. By CAPTAIN DINGLE. Brentano's. 1924. \$2.

The remarkable adventures of Mr. Alden Talbot Drake, who had an inherited fondness for the seven seas, as his name suggests,

are not only highly entertaining, but there is a certain novelty in some twists the author gives them, and to produce something new in a variation of the theme of the rich man who is shanghaied, or who runs away to sea, in pursuit of a lady, is something of a triumph. It will not do to betray much of the plot, since its interest lies largely in its surprises: it must suffice to say that Mr. Drake shanghaies himself, so to speak, on the spur of the moment, for a trip to Java; that he comes in conflict with the singularly sturdy Captain Stevens, both as to the ship and the girl, and that the outcome is not at all the conventional end to such a yarn. It moves, and it has a good salt tang. Captain Dingle's narrative style is excellent, and there is humor as well as strenuous adventure in the thing.

THE KREUTZER SONATA AND OTHER STORIES. By LEO TOLSTOY. Oxford Press. 1924. 80 cents.

This two hundred and sixty-sixth volume in the Oxford University Press's "The World's Classics: A Popular Selection" is also the tenth selection from the works of Tolstoy. It comprises "Family Happiness," "Polikushka," and "The Kreutzer Sonata." The preface and the translation are, naturally, by Aylmer Maude. Aylmer Maude and his wife have brought to the translation of Tolstoy a peculiar personal knowledge of Tolstoy and an intimate knowledge of Russian life. They have been praised as translators by such eminent persons as Bernard Shaw, William Archer, Professor Gilbert Murray, etc. The present volume in the World's Classics slips easily into the pocket and is excellently printed.

WHO WILL REMEMBER? By MARGARET IRWIN. Seltzer. 1924. \$2.00.

This is a most unusual ghost-story, written from the point of view of the age which projects its impressions into later times. The principal action is laid around the eighteenth century inhabitants of an English country-seat. Juliana Clare and her brother Lucian are the protagonists. Lucian is a Satanist, president of the Hell-Fire Club, dealer in white sorcery, and one of the most uncanny characters met outside of the pages of Montague James. He is haunted by a girl whom he calls Incognita, whom he has never met, but who is twentieth century Janet Orallard. He sends Juliana's spirit questing down the years, and twice do Juliana and Janet meet. Each glimpses the other and is terrified of the mutual ghost. Juliana's psychology is beautifully handled, and Janet's love affair with Donald Graeme gives modern point to a most suggestive piece of imaginative fiction. The construction is a bit uneven, and at times the interest lags, but the central idea is original and most stimulating, and the details of the narrative are generally admirable.

EGYPTIAN LOVE. By STEPHEN HAWES. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2.00.

Joseph Pyecote, a young Cambridge graduate of independent means and literary aspirations, sails for Australia, traveling steerage the better to observe his fellow men. His observations become almost wholly confined to one Abus, a Welsh peasant girl of strange, exotic personality. They exchange confidences, curious visions each has had of a former life, and discover that they are the reincarnations of Potiphar's wife and Joseph! Abus is sailing to join a brutal husband, from whom she subsequently escapes to go with Pyecote and his friend Ellicot on a trip to Fiji. There she dies from an overdose of veronal, and it is indicated that she took it intentionally, in fulfillment of her reincarnated destiny.

Despite the obvious difficulties of such a plot, the author has a vigor and charm of narration which make the novel readable. The characters are well drawn and, when they are not discussing their former existences, convincing. The author has drawn less from the Biblical version of Joseph and Zuleikha—which is a sordid enough tale—from the poetical works of an ancient Persian—Yamī.

WE THREE. By OLGA AND ESTRID OTT. Translated from the Danish by ALBERT VAN SAND. Minton, Balch. 1924. \$2.00.

A young Danish girl writes for the first time to her mother whom she has not seen in fifteen years. The mother, now a famous actress, had left home because of wounded pride and the persecution of scheming relatives-in-law. The correspond-

Speaking of Books

The Nobel Prize

in Physics has recently been awarded to Professor Robert A. Millikan, whose investigations into the nature of the electron have been so interestingly and carefully described in his book, *The Electron*. Written in a non-technical manner, this book gives a brief history of electrical theories, describes the author's experiments, and discusses the nature of radiant energy. All readers with an interest in science will find much of value in the revision (just completed) of *The Electron*, by Robert A. Millikan. \$1.75, postpaid, \$1.85.

Philosopher or Scientist

or just interested in the great achievements in these fields, you will find an equally strong appeal in a recently republished work of Dr. John Theodore Merz. Those things about the history of the scientific and philosophical thought of England, France, and Germany which one needs to know to become oriented in these subjects, are given in *A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century*, by John Theodore Merz. 4 volumes, \$15.00, postage extra.

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ence between daughter and mother (which is the sole contents of this book) serves to heal old wounds and reunite the parents.

The contrast and, occasionally, the clash of wise, placid maturity with exuberant youth is extremely well handled in the letters; perhaps this is explained by the fact that the authors are also mother and daughter. Too, there is a wistful sentimentality about the story that is rather appealing than otherwise, and the conclusion, though obvious from the beginning, is achieved gracefully and without undue complication. But the characters suffer from over-idealization. The almost militant inability of the "Three" to think an unworthy thought or do an unworthy deed would fit them to take their places in any work written for the edification and uplift of the Victorian young. "We Three" is pleasant and deli-

cate, but it is not the sort of book that stays long in one's memory.

THE GIANT CAT. By J. H. ROSNY. Translated from the French by the Hon. Lady Whitehead. McBride. 1924. \$2.

The quest of Aoun and Zouhr, palæolithic European aborigines, for new hunting grounds for their tribe is a bold move to introduce our plebeian old acquaintance, Tarzan, to the halcyon circles of the Académie Française. However, this hero of prehistory is so lavishly adorned with gems of paleontology, anthropology and other reconstructive sciences that the reader is somewhat bewildered by the profusion of descriptive detail. Two members of the Oulham horde—inhabiting what is now Southern France—find their way through

a mountain barrier to the great savannahs of what is now the Mediterranean area. The two men wander around fighting the monsters of the age, sabre-toothed tigers, as well as wolves, hyenas, and leopards. They also have difficulties with strange fragments of human races: dhole-men who can see at night, wolf-women who are prototypes of the Amazon myth. Echoes of other conflicts enter the narrative, as of the annihilation of the race of Men-without-Shoulders by the Red Dwarfs. Feminine readers whose ideal of the period centers in that amorous monster known as the Cave-Man (recently rebaptised The Sheik) will be disappointed, for the loves of the Old Stone Age, according to M. Rosny, were neither brutal nor casual, but as beffited the perils of the times, love-interest was not allowed to absorb any material part

of the hero's attention, despite the promise of the book's accusing title. "The Giant Cat" is a brilliant piece of imaginative reconstruction; of its accuracy only scientists are in a position to judge. For the non-scientific mind there is the sugar-coating of fights, gore, "lions 'n' tigers 'n' everything;" while for the reflective there is more than a hint of that social irony that ever has sharpened and adorned the pens of the writers of France.

THE OLD MEN OF THE SEA. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Stokes. 1924. \$2.

Admirers of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's work will be disappointed by this book. A writer who could produce "Carnival," "Sinister Street," and "Guy and Pauline" (Continued on next page)

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

does violence to our sense of literary values when he offers us a book that suggests the expansion of a movie scenario or one of those ephemeral volumes stacked on the railway bookstalls to compete with the fiction magazines.

Adventurers in the South Seas appear at the moment to have ousted Arab sheiks and desert lovers from popular favor and Mr. Mackenzie has entered the market with all the orthodox equipment—a schooner, a pair of villains, a major and a minor love affair, storms and volcanoes and tropic palms. That he does better in this *genre* than lesser craftsmen in the trade was only to be expected of one with his powers and he has certainly endowed his story with life and movement. However, his humor has suffered something of a descent into triviality and the limits of probability have been strained to a point beyond the credible.

SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.00.

This is a tale of love and fighting and intrigue, in the Dauphiné, during the regency of Catherine de Medici. Martin Marie Rigobert de Garnache, woman-hater, hard-bitten soldier of fortune is despatched by the Queen Regent to liberate Mademoiselle de la Vouvraye from her scheming guardian, the Dowager of Condillac. Prodigies of valor snap dastardly plots, and the happy fates which always serve fictional lovers move through their appointed motions to their proper stations, ensuring to the reader a romance of action, with a happy ending.

THE DEVONSHERS. By HONORÉ WILLIE MORROW. Stokes, 1924. \$2.

Mrs. Morrow has attempted a difficult task in "The Devonshers," and she has done it well. It is the story of a murder. The action takes place during the trial of Eve Devonsher for the killing of Angus Duncan, her hereditary enemy. Circumstantial evidence is all against her, and the antagonism of the town for her and for her family fills the court room with hostile witnesses. It is, in reality, not so much the story of a murder, as of three generations of Devonshers, and of the Wyoming town in which they have lived and died. The trial, then, is the trial of a family by a community, and with equal justice the trial of the community by the last of the family. Under the rulings of a shrewd old judge, of whose sympathies in the matter there is no real doubt, the facts gradually come out, an ingenuous untangling of an ancient skein.

Because she has chosen to tell her story with a court room as a stage, Mrs. Morrow is forced to call to life characters who do not actually appear in the book but who nevertheless affect it profoundly. She does this a little too successfully, so that the reader's interest is with Eve's lawless, high-spirited, horse-breeding ancestors rather than in the girl herself. Eve does not convince one of her reality as do some of the minor characters. By her very fineness of character she loses the savour of her father and grandfather, whose vividness was not overtempered by virtue.

BED ROCK. By JACK BETHEA. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.

In spite of an artificially arranged situation and an element of conventional melodrama in the relations of the husband and wife whose troubles are meant to form the core of this book the main body of the story—which really has little to do with that staged situation—is so well done that one forgets any stage management in it. It opens with the disclosure of the fact that Warren Blackford had married his mighty employer's daughter not because he loved her but because he thought that the only way to gain promotion in the great coal and iron company for which he worked. Naturally Alice was heart broken and her formidable father, the unbending magnate of "big business" was highly indignant. But Alice refuses rescue by divorce and the ambitious young Blackford is sent to run a mismanaged mine in Alabama—given a chance to show that he is a man, etc. Of course it is forordained that he must really fall in love with his wife and attain a happy ending.

The real story is the account of his struggles to run the mine, against local opposi-

tion, which includes moonshiners, a strike, and the secret enmity of his employer who uses underhanded methods to cripple the young man. All that is admirably done narrative, with excellent character sketches, plenty of action and highly satisfactory local color. It holds the attention much more insistently than most such stories.

THE SACRAMENT OF SILENCE. By NOEL SYLVESTRE. Macmillan. 1924. \$1.75.

Whether or not Mr. Sylvestre's novel be "true to the end," as the jacket flauntingly proclaims, it breathes the air of genuineness and of truth; it tells, without undue strain or misplaced emphasis, the story of one René Kermerec, an amiable and conscientious village priest who finds himself in possession of the facts of a murder committed by a former chum of his. As a man urged by all normal human impulses to shield his friend, and as a priest bound in all honor to hold a confession inviolate, M. Kermerec has the strongest of motives for maintaining silence with regard to the crime; yet, when it appears probable that the guilty man has been drowned at sea, and when it becomes certain that the vicar will be sentenced to imprisonment if he persists in his policy of concealment, mere common sense seems to urge upon M. Kermerec an abandonment of his quixotic conception of honor. Now ensues a bitter struggle within the soul of the priest, a struggle wherein he wavers but finally avails himself of that strength which is inherent within so many men of apparent weakness, so that, his lips compressed in unshakable resolution, he refuses to offer the required testimony, but with a sense of painful martyrdom and yet without repining sees the prison gates lock permanently behind him.

It is no ordinary tale of self-sacrifice that Mr. Sylvestre tells; he does not moralize, he does not laud his hero as a paragon of goodness nor does he exalt self-sacrifice as a virtue; he merely portrays the gropings and the sufferings of a man who chooses a certain course of action not out of a superhuman altruism but because his training and his habits of thought will permit him to choose no other. Primarily, the story is psychological, and the character-analysis, while not profound, is accurate and convincing. If, on the whole, the atmosphere of the book be somewhat bleak and unrelieved save for the baleful light of tragedy, one cannot but feel something of that warmth which comes from glowing contact with the uncovered human soul.

THE BROKEN BOW. By L. ALLAN HARKER. Scribner. 1924. \$2.

This is a story of young love that is woven entirely about its plot and incidents with little consideration for the figures with whose fate it deals. The hero, Alfrey Stowe, is vapid and colorless—merely the pawn of events. Several of the minor characters have personality, but they have little to do with shaping the story. Events, rather than persons, lead it to successful conclusion. Alfrey weakly becomes engaged to the wrong girl, with the usual misunderstandings and general unpleasantness for everybody concerned, till circumstances effect a solution.

The book opens with the meeting of Alfrey's little sister Hesper and Susan. The account of this friendship is full of charm and awakens expectations that are not fulfilled by the rest of the book.

THE SHIP OF DESTINY. By MARSHALL N. GOOLD. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.

This is the sort of sea story that one has wanted for a long time—almost, indeed, since Stevenson's day; not that there is anything Stevensonian in style in this. It is not an imitation in any sense, but its characters, like those of "Treasure Island," are human, and in much the same way as Stevenson's seafarers are human. They are never trite reproductions of types. This is no mere "thriller"; it is not an affair of pirates, of impossible girl heroines, brutal sailors, desert islands and moving picture wrecks. But there is no lack of action in it, and it makes just as much use of conventional material as Mr. Goold thought desirable without using it conventionally.

We are told that Mr. Goold has "followed the sea" for years but the statement was hardly necessary. The truthfulness of his atmosphere is always beyond a doubt. It is a saturated sea air. Mr. Goold is absolutely sure of his background; so much so that one feels he is doing it all almost sub-consciously, without giving much thought or effort to it, since it is so thoroughly a part of him, so certainly there,

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ILLINOIS Springfield	H. E. Chandler & Co. Lord's Dept. Store
Jacksonville	Coe Brothers B. F. Lane
INDIANA Evansville	W. A. Connor Tribe of "K"
Gary	Indianapolis L. S. Ayres & Co. Beach's Bookshop, 416 N. Meridian St. Capitol Book Store, 138 N. Delaware St. W. K. Stewart Co., 44 E. Washington St.
Mishawaka	Musser & Son Mishawaka Book Shop
Bend	The Book Shop
IOWA Cedar Rapids	Holden-Kahler-Stecker Co. Morris Sanford Co.
Davenport	Edmund M. White
Des Moines	Harris-Emery Co. Hyman's Book Co. Riber's Book Store Younker Bros.
KANSAS Topeka	The Best Day, Page CANDLE Doran. OF 1924 and JOHN \$2.50 net. THE LOCAL LAURA. Maynard

that he does not have to think about it. And very few writers of sea tales have accomplished that.

The yarn is really the story of the ship herself; an elderly, not over respectable small liner, a runt of a ship, quite properly open to suspicion. She is the real heroine of the piece.

But her company included a sufficiency of salient personalities. There is a genuine tang to them—never overdone, since Mr. Goold is abundantly supplied with the saving quality of humor, much of his incidental anecdote is uproariously funny. And his style is more than good; he is leisurely but his movement never lags.

SIEGE PERILOUS. By MAUD DIVER. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.

A collection of short stories by the wife of a British army officer. They are the result of many years in British India and are written with a full realization of the human drama of love, hate, passion and intrigue that are contained in the lives of this subject people and those who rule over them.

Tragedy, as the natural consequence of misplaced love, seems characteristic of the native women. The stories of this type are handled with rare sympathy and understanding and a strong sense of the dramatic.

The atmosphere of Indian superstition and resignation to unhappy fate permeates the book. It cannot be called cheerful; for even the stories of army life, while in a lighter vein, have their quota of broken hearts. But the book is undeniably interesting and will appeal to those who find a thrill in tales of people in strange countries.

ELAINE AT THE GATES. By W. B. MAXWELL. Doubleday, Page. \$2.00 net.

THE GLORY HOLE. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50.

THE PROWLERS. By HUGH WILEY. Knopf. \$2.00 net.

THREE FLIGHTS UP. By SIDNEY HOWARD. Scribner.

THE SHIP OF DESTINY. By MARSHALL N. GOOLD. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00.

THE CEDAR BOX. By JOHN OXENHAM. Longmans, Green. 90 cents.

THE DOMINANT BLOOD. By ROBERT E. MCCLURE. Doubleday, Page. \$2.00 net.

ACES. Compiled by the Community Workers of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind. Putnams. \$2.00.

ENTRANCED. By GRACE FLANDRAU. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.00 net.

WIDENING WATERS. By MARGARET HILL McCARTER. Harpers. \$2.00.

LITTLE ROGUE. By GUY DE MAUPAS-SANT. Knopf.

AUTUMN. By LADISLAS ST. REYMONT. Knopf. \$2.50 net.

MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK ABROAD. By DONALD OGDEN STEWART. Doran. \$2.

THE HIDDEN PLAYER. By ALFRED NOYES. Stokes. \$2 net.

BANDELLO: TRAGICAL TALES. Translated by GEOFFREY TENTON. Edited by HUGH HARRIS. Dutton. \$5.

THE SHORTER TALES OF JOSEPH CONRAD. Doubleday, Page.

A. O. BARNABOOTH: HIS DIARY. By VADERY LARBAUD. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN. Doran. \$2.50 net.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN. By THOMAS BURKE. Doran. \$2 net.

LITTLE NOVELS OF NOWADAYS. By PHILIP GIBBS. Doran. \$2.50 net.

THE NATURAL MAN. By PATRICK MILLER. Brentano's. \$2.

ROMANCE AND JANE WESTON. By RICHARD PRYCE. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

CATS, DOGS AND I. By COLETTE WILLY. Holt. \$1.75.

ISLES OF THE BLEST. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. Harper. \$2.

FRESH WATERS. By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD. Dutton. \$2.

THE EPIC OF THE BEAST. Dutton. \$3.

RED OF THE REDFIELD'S. By GRACE S. RICHMOND. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

THE KEY. By LEE THAYER. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

CANDLE LIGHT. By RUBY M. AYRES. Doran. \$2 net.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1924. Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN and JOHN COURNO. Small, Maynard. \$2.50 net.

THE LOGGER. By SALOME ELLIS. Small, Maynard. \$2 net.

LAURA. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. Small, Maynard. \$2.50 net.

THE KINGDOM OF EVIL. By BEN HECHT. Pascal Covici.

SOLO. By PIERRE COALFLEET. Putnam. \$2.

THE TIDE. By MILDRED CRAM. Knopf. \$2.50 net.

MONT-ORIOL. By GUY DE MAUPAS-SANT. Translated by Ernest Boyd. Knopf.

OM: THE SECRET OF AHBOR VALLEY. By TALBOT MUNDY. Bobbs-Merrill.

THE HAIRPIN DUCHESS. By ALICE Woods. Duffield. \$1.50 net.

THE PRINCESS AND THE CLOWN. By JEAN JOSE FRAPPA. Duffield. \$1.50 net.

International

THE GERMANS IN THE MAKING OF AMERICA. By FREDERICK FRANKLIN SCHRADER. Stratford. 1924.

This is a very readable narrative in less than two hundred and fifty pages of the story of the German element in the United States. A succinct account of this sort fills a gap and satisfies a need long felt. The author, Mr. F. F. Schrader, has shown repeatedly in his publications and his editorial work, that he is well informed on the subject he is treating, both in regard to the older historical sources and the materials that have appeared during the last fifteen years. He prefers the rôle of annalist to that of pleader, he allows the facts to speak for themselves, without a touch of color. The story of the eighteenth century Germans in peace and war, and the same service at nation-building repeated in the nineteenth century by greatly increased German immigrations, cannot be told too often. It is meritorious to bring such glorious names as Steuben, Mühlberg, Herkimer, Follen, Lieber, Schurz, Roebling, Steinmetz, nearer to the present generation by impressing the actual achievement behind the name. To citizens of German birth the knowledge of such examples ties the knot more tightly that binds to the adopted country.

Mr. Schrader's book appears as a volume in the series of the Racial Contributions to the United States, planned and published by the Knights of Columbus, and is introduced by an article from the pen of Edward F. McSweeney on the Racial Contributions to the United States, an eloquent argument against arbitrary restriction of immigration.

Miscellaneous

FIRST AID TO ANIMALS. By JOHN LYNN LEONARD. Harpers. \$2.50.

GOOD SPEECH. By WALTER RIPMAN. Dutton. \$1.

THE HUMANE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By WILLIAM J. SHULTZ. Columbia University (Longmans, Green).

THE LITTLE GARDEN FOR LITTLE MONEY. By KATE L. BREWSTER. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$1.75.

WHALING. By CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES. Doubleday, Page. \$5.00 net.

BIRDS IN LONDON. By W. H. HUDSON. Dutton. \$2.50.

THE STORY OF COPPER. By WATSON DAVIS. Century. \$3.00.

TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL FOR 1924. Edited by THOMAS L. MASSON. Doubleday, Page. \$2.00 net.

THE BOOK OF PERSONALITY. By IMOGENE B. WOLCOTT. Putnams.

PITMAN'S SHORTHAND DICTIONARY. By ISAAC PITMAN. \$2.50.

WOOLEN YARN PRODUCTION. By T. LAWSON. Pitman. \$1.00.

EMBROIDERY AND PATTERN DESIGN. By HANNAH FOWLER and GEORGE F. CRAGGS. Pitman.

KEYS TO CROOKDOM. By GEORGE C. HENDERSON. Appleton. \$3.00.

MAX KUEHNE. By A. E. GALLATIN. Dutton. \$1.00.

Pamphlet

THE SHORT STORY SERIES. By R. R. RICKETTS, JR. No. 1, Characterization.

MAX KUEHNE. B. A. E. GALLATIN. Dutton. \$1.00.

THE NEXT STEP ON. By WALTON BUTTERFIELD. Four Seas.

A VICTIM OF REST. By LIVINGSTON WELCH. Four Seas.

HIM AND HER. By BURX. Four Seas.

THE APPROACH TO LYRIC POETRY. By J. T. HATFIELD. Reprinted from *The Modern Language Journal*.

(Continued on next page)

THE DIAL AND AMERICAN CULTURE

A FLOWER is known by its perfume, a bird by its flight, a wine by its taste, a face by its expression; a nation's culture is known by its magazines.

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Points of View

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In the issue of your esteemed journal for November the first, Mr. Robert Graves writes informatively of Poets in War and Peace. May I be permitted to call to your attention, and perhaps to the attention of your readers, an oversight excessively odd upon the part of one who is himself an English poet?

Mr. Graves writes "Mr. Masefield did not mention the war at all, so far as I can discover." Yet in the opinion of at least one reader of *The Saturday Review of Literature* that poem which is the most deeply moving of all those occasioned by the so-called Great War, and that poem which is the most distinguished in all the volumes of Mr. Masefield—volumes which increasingly challenge comparison, in quantity and in quality, with the poetical output of that same Great War—these two poems are identical.

The poem in question was originally published in *The English Review*, is reprinted in the collected volume, and is entitled "August, 1914."

Faithfully yours,
SCOFIELD THAYER
Edgartown, Mass.

"Jennifer Lorn" Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

May I take a little of your space to thank T. Greenwald for his letter in the *Saturday Review* of October 25, criticizing my travesty of "Jennifer Lorn"? For his concession therein that my stuff is often "approximately funny," I am approximately grateful.

But what I want sincerely to thank him for is his gallant and vigorous championship of that very remarkable, very beautiful book. I love it, as he does. Columns would not suffice to tell how much I admire its artistry, its humor, its felicity of phrase, its superb style. There is hardly a faulty, inadequate, misused or misplaced word in it. No more distinguished bit of English prose has been published in many years. I have read it and reread it with increasing joy in its excellence. It is precious in the best sense.

It is this very excellence that makes it a worthy subject for travesty. The only crime can be in doing it clumsily.

There are two counts in the indictment; first, that the parody should not have been written; second, that it is badly done. Let the defendant offer but a single witness, one Elinor Mylie, who happens to be the author. She will testify that she approved the doing of it, before it was done and, after reading it, wrote: "We have read your parody with the utmost enjoyment and exquisite delight, augmented to Olympian hilarity. It is, really and truly, as the children say, perfect."

My lord, the defense rests!

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Wilmington, Del.

Mr. Babbitt's Book

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The review of Irving Babbitt's "Democracy and Leadership" in your issue of October fourth was a distinct surprise to some of us who were associated with Mr. Merritt Y. Hughes as fellow students of Professor Babbitt's several years ago at Harvard. In attempting to straddle the chasm between the interests of the intelligent thinker and the "general reader," Mr. Hughes seems to have sought first the popular side and then fallen into sheer confusion.

Whether or not *The Saturday Review* is addressed to the multitude I cannot say, though I know it has the reputation of being aristocratic in the best sense. But I am certain that Professor Babbitt quite definitely frames his message for people who think, and surely a short sojourn in California has not led Mr. Hughes to believe that the majority of our countrymen are intelligent. To the limited audience of Plato's gold men Professor Babbitt strives to tell the truth, as he sees it, whether it is "in the American tradition" or not. Your editorial, sir, of that same issue, pointing out the possibilities of genuine American culture, has no tinge of the chauvinism that would advocate our dealing only in home-grown ideas. Are we to fear that Mr. Hughes is already tainted with the virus of a native son?

Much depends after all on the interpretation of the American tradition. Mr. Hughes seems to follow Walt Whitman and many of our contemporaries in understanding our national purpose to be an attempt to strike "the divine average." Mr. Babbitt, however, aligns himself with James Russell Lowell and with the founders of our republic, in considering American democracy possible only so long as it remains government by representatives rather than by mouthpieces, merely voicing the immediate will of the majority. Mr. Hughes's failure to grasp this distinction may have led him on to the strange accusation of Professor Babbitt's egotism. The humility which Professor Babbitt advocates is not the fraternal slap on the back that passes in our fair land for good fellowship or even Christianity, it comes rather when a man looks "not down, but up to standards set so much above his ordinary self as to make him feel that he is himself spiritually the underdog. The man who thus looks up is becoming worthy to be looked up to in turn, and, to this extent, qualifying for leadership." Humility is required in members of a democracy to accept leadership. Discriminating judgment and an experimental knowledge of pertinent facts are necessary to choose the right leaders. It is so that Professor Babbitt fuses individualism and citizenship.

To many young men who love their country and have faith in its future, Professor Babbitt has been a guide in their groping when they were baffled by the complexity of modern times. He has helped us "to discover in life an abiding unity with which to measure its mere variety and change." It is disheartening, therefore, to see one of the number lose his vision. Criticism on fundamental grounds would, of course, be welcome. There are those, for example, who find fault because Professor Babbitt's vehemence against Romanticism is in its expression romantic, and not so Erasmian as would be artistically appropriate for an avowed humanist. Professor Babbitt, however, in speaking of Burke, declares: "When it comes to first principles, the issue raised is not one of moderation, but of truth or error." Any failure to recognize the difference seems to him pusillanimous. There are others who regret that he should withdraw ever farther from the field of *belles lettres*, even though they recognize and admire his desire to make literature a part of life. These are matters of policy for discussion. Mr. Hughes's praise no less than his blame seems to me dilettanteish, as if this were a pleasant book for a winter's evening rather than the scholarly discussion of state policies by a writer whose parts and attainments command respect if not allegiance.

H. W. TAEUSCH.

Cambridge, Mass.

Aimee Lenalie

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Aimee Lenalie, author, linguist and musical director, who died in New York on October 15th, was the most truly interpretative of all French and English translators with the exception of Lafcadio Hearn. Many of her unsigned reviews, articles and vignettes have appeared during the past twenty-five years in many literary publications including the *St. Louis Mirror*. Her English translation of "Mimes" and "RLS" by Schwob are recognized English classics and reflect her own topaz vision, which, together with her most unobtrusive rhetoric, enabled her to transmit the Oriental imagery of the French poet. In some instances Madame Lenalie seemed to transcend the imagination of Schwob and emitted flashes of the pure Spartan-like simplicity which characterizes the original "Mimes."

There is moon drift and ivory in the sheen of many graceful breathing phrases when Lenalie lures into English all the exotic beauty of these exquisite prose poems.

In the foreword to "Mimes" she gives us special proof of her own verbal magic as she divines the white flame of Schwob's poet soul. The wayward grace and darts of light which flash through a sonnet like restraint seem to reflect her own lineage as that of the best French and English stock which came to early New England and sowed the seed of American intellectual life.

The poem entitled "Acme" was strangely prophetic of her own manner of passing and to one who attended the simple dignified services, and followed the cortège to the Crematory in New Jersey, this poem will always seem poignantly familiar.

It is to be hoped that her scattered fragments of literary work may be collected to the ultimate delight of all lovers of sheer beauty of expression.

JEAN DURET

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Poetry

THE BOOK OF STORY-POEMS. Compiled by WALTER JERROLD. Stokes. 1924. \$2.00.

Mr. Jerrold has here gathered together over fifty English and American narrative poems. He argues that "it is by the very simplest form of story poems that most of us received our first impressions of literature." His selection of material is, of course, open to certain criticisms, but his idea of a collection of the best narrative poems is praiseworthy. The decline of the narrative poem in English would seem to be illustrated by the fact that there is only one inclusion by a modern poet, that of Mr. Alfred Noyes's "The Companion of a Mile." With this inclusion we have no quarrel, as the ballad is undoubtedly one of the best things Mr. Noyes has ever done, but we are positive that more modern narratives could have been found. Mr. Jerrold's selections from Longfellow are not the most fortunate in the world, and the resources of Tennyson are strangely tapped. Neither is the inclusion of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "The Gherdon" quite explicable. With these strictures we leave you the book, which seems to us but an indication of what might really be done in the way of an anthology of narrative poems. Mr. Jerrold does not impress us as its perfect anthologist.

A PILGRIM'S SCRIP. By CALE YOUNG RICE. Century. 1924. \$1.50.

Verse such as Mr. Rice writes must be fastidious if it is to be more than trivial. The subjects of "A Pilgrim's Scrip" are such as might be suggested to any sensitive person traveling about the world; the rhythms are slight and swinging; the effect would be very readable if so many of the lines were not careless. Mr. Rice has little feeling for appropriateness, or the value of words. Only occasionally a poem shows the irritated reader what might have been achieved with a blue pencil.

NANTUCKET AND OTHER VERSES. By MARY STARBUCK. Nantucket. 1924.

Some of these pleasant verses have appeared in a number of periodicals. They are for sale at The Little Book House of Nantucket. Of no great distinction, they have occasionally a rather happy simplicity and spontaneity.

IN EARTHEN BOWLS. By NELLIE BURGET MILLER. Appleton. \$1.50.

OUTPOST MESSAGES. By FANNY PURDY PALMER. Four Seas. \$2.00 net.

SHIP'S LOG. By GRACE HAZARD GONKLING. Knopf. \$2.00 net.

Religion

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE. By BASIL KING. Harpers. \$2.

GOD AND REASON. By WILLIAM J. BROSNAH. Fordham University Press.

PENTATEUCHAL CRITICISM. By D. C. SIMPSON. Oxford.

Science

THE STORY OF EARLY CHEMISTRY. By JOHN MAXSON STILLMAN. Appleton. \$4.00.

DICTIONARY OF ELECTRICAL TERMS. By S. R. ROGET. Pitman. \$2.25.

SPACE, TIME, MOTION. By A. V. VASILIEV. Knopf. \$2.50 net.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND HUMAN WELFARE. By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS with the collaboration of NEWHORN I. BUTT. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THE NATURE OF LIFE. By W. J. V. OTTERHOOT. Holt.

THE ELECTRON. By ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN. University of Chicago Press. \$1.75.

HELMHOLTZ'S TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGICAL OPTICS. Edited by JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL. Optical Society of America.

A HISTORY OF THE EARTH. By HILDA FINNEMORE. Longmans. \$1.25 net.

Sociology

THE FOLKLORE OF BOMBAY. By R. E. ENTHOVEN. Oxford University Press. \$4.75.

SOCIETY AND ITS SURPLUS. By NEWELL LE ROY SIMS. Appleton. \$3.

THE WOMAN ON THE FARM. By MARY MEEK ATKESON. Century. \$2.00.

WOMEN AND LEISURE. By LORINE PRATT. Dutton. \$3.

Travel

WHERE STRANGE GODS CALL PAGES OUT OF THE EAST. By HARRY HERVEY. Century. 1924. \$3.

A first-hand familiarity with the touched cities of the Orient is the background of this stalk of the rainbow along the Blue Road. The traveler is the author of "Caravans by Night" and the "Black Parrot" so the reader is not surprised to find this no ordinary book of travel. It is concerned neither with the tide of color nor the opium question, and the infiltration of the gospel of Lenin into the Orient is not even mentioned. Hilo, Honolulu, Nikko, Kyoto, the home of Chrysanthemum, the city of the Peak, Manila, Batavia, Singapore and Rangoon are interpreted in terms of personalities. These mediums often belong to the treaty port scum of the earth, as witness the courtesies of the Yoshiwara, the Girl in the Madder Dress, and the Beach Comber who sold batiks at Weltevreden. Local color is laid on in impressionistic masses with vivid and telling effect and with without the taint of vulgarity which a less skillful and less refined artist might not escape when handling pitch. This sympathetic interpreter is at his best in his portrayal of the precise little Pancake Man and of the bibulous Chang Yuan, the Manchu whose unknown paternity debarred him from being emperor. These glints of color reveal the author's dramatic power when his attention is directed to material deserving his effort. They portray the subtlety of his approach to some of the compelling contrasts into which the turmoil of civilizations has plunged the youth of the Orient. The youth of the West here displays the perplexities of the youth of the East in the strongest of colors.

SEEING CANADA. By JOHN T. FARRELL. Lippincott. \$6.50.

OUR CAPITAL ON THE POTOMAC. By HELEN NICOLAY. Century. \$5.00.

THE SPELL OF ALGERIA AND TUNISIA. By FRANCIS MILTON and BLANCHE McMANUS. Page.

THE CONQUEST OF THE RIVER PLATE. By R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM. Doubleday, Page. \$3.00 net.

TALES OF SOUTHERN RIVERS. By ZANE GREY. Harpers.

MORE QUEER THINGS ABOUT LONDON. By CHARLES G. HARPER. Lippincott. \$2.50.

STALKING BIG GAME WITH A CAMERA. By MARIUS MAXWELL. Century. \$9.00.

UGANDA TO THE CAPE. By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Doubleday, Page. \$4 net.

FAR EASTERN JAUNTS. By GILBERT COLLINS. Holt. \$3.50.

THE EDGE OF THE DESERT. By IAN THE DUNBAR. Small, Maynard. \$4.50 net.

WANDERINGS IN SOUTH-EASTERN SEAS. By CHARLOTTE CAMERON. Small, Maynard. \$5 net.

WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA. By HERMANN NORDEN. Small, Maynard. \$5 net.

FROM CHINA TO HKAMTI LONG. London: Arnold.

SUNWARD. By LOUIS GOLDING. Knopf.

LANDS OF THE ANDES AND THE DESERT. By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Doubleday, Page. \$4.

THE HILL OF ATHENA. By H. H. POWERS. Macmillan. \$1.25.

AMONG THE BRAHMINS AND PARIADS. By J. H. SAUTER. Boni & Liveright. \$3.

PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS. By KARL BAEDKEKER. Scribner. \$3.50.

Egypt. By H. H. POWERS. Macmillan. \$2.50.



THE BACKGROUND OF GRAY'S ELEGY

By Amy Louise Reed

Professor of English in Vassar College

Pp. vii + 270. \$2.50.

A study in the taste for melancholy poetry during the first half of the eighteenth century. "The graveyard school" of poetry reached its perfection of form in 1751 with Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." A book of interest to students of English poetry and of value to teachers of English.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!
By HARRY LEON WILSON. (*Cosmopolitan*)

PUNCH AND JUDY. By MAURICE BARING. (Doubleday, Page.)

WAGNER AS MAN AND ARTIST.
By ERNEST NEWMAN. (Knopf.)

H. A., Baltimore, Md., asks about Russian histories.

THE most scholarly and illuminating is, as would be expected, a large and not inexpensive work, "Aleksander Fedorovich Kornilov's 'Modern Russian History'" in two volumes (Knopf). Its emphasis is on social and political causes. The student has also at his disposal a tremendous and widely celebrated work, "An Economic History of Russia," by James Mavor (Dutton, 2 vols.), which includes social and political history. Both of these are of high value to library collections. In the matter of present-day Russia, I throw up my hands; after reading all I could get, in English and French, it seems to me that the works of Edward A. Ross (Century) sound the most dispassionate and convincing; the latest is "The Russian Soviet Republic."

A. R. T., Ann Arbor, Mich., is interested in the work of the illustrator Kay Nielsen, and asks about his plans for new illustrations.

THERE are, says Katrine Hvistendahl Bie in a leaflet just from Doran, two Kay Nielsens, both Danes and both artists, both the sons of actresses. The one this correspondent means, however, the illustrator of "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" and "The Twelve Dancing Princesses," is the son of the celebrated "Fru Oda," who toured America not long ago, and who is a member of the American Scandinavian foundation and wife of Professor Martinus Nielsen, himself an interpreter of classic roles. His parents' home is famous for the beauty of its Oriental decoration and furnishing. Kay Nielsen lives and works in London, where he gave his first one-man show in 1912; his theatre decorations are described in the *International Studio* for October, 1919, and the same magazine described his illustrations in December, 1913; as illustrator, his work is published abroad by Hodder & Stoughton, here by Doran. The latest to come from the press—an advance copy has just reached me—is a volume of "Fairy Tales" of Hans Christian Andersen, in which one sees the fascinating flashes of Chinese influence, of Beardsley memories and of the new stage technique, exercised upon themes rich in the artist's national psychology and appealing to his unusual temperament. Altogether it is a treasure for the collector as well as a gem for the nursery.

E. C. Winter, Iowa, who is familiar with the "old guard" of American criticism, asks for the best comparatively recent works on this subject.

DEFINITIONS," by Henry Seidel Canby (Harcourt, Brace), to which has just been added "Definitions: Second Series" (Harcourt, Brace), seem to me the most important additions to American criticism made in recent years. I find them so not only for their judgments, but as a basis for study of the methods by which these judgments are reached. Harcourt, Brace has recently published a collection of essays called "Criticism in America," which sweeps the field, as would be expected from

contributors as various as Van Wyck Brooks, W. C. Brownell, Ernest Boyd, Stuart Sherman, T. S. Eliot, H. L. Mencken, Joel Spingarn, and George Woodberry, each of whom is represented by a characteristic essay. There is certainly freedom of thought, and if one sometimes contradicts another—sometimes by name—so they do on the field at large. There are distinctive qualities in "Some Contemporary Americans," by Percy H. Boynton (University of Chicago), and Stuart Sherman's "Points of View" (Scribner), that make them valuable contributions to the study of our literature. H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices" has just appeared in its fourth volume (Knopf), and G. J. Nathan's "Materia Critica," the eighth of his series (Knopf), is not long from the press. H. G. Yonkers, N. Y., who asks where to find biographical and critical notes of the two last named, will find a number listed under their names in a useful little book-list and study-help, "Contemporary American Literature," by Manly and Rickert (Harcourt, Brace).

E. B. C., Nashville, Tenn., asks for books to help a man who is about to take up the work of an editor.

"EDITORIALS AND EDITORIAL WRITING," by Robert W. Neal (Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass.), has chapters on the purposes, structure and management of the types of editorial, many examples, and regular exercises for students of journalism, arranged with the attention to detail and effectiveness that mark the manuals of this enterprise. "The Editorial," by Leon D. Flint (Appleton), is a standard work widely used in schools of journalism. "Newspaper Editing," by Grant Milnor Hyde (Appleton), sets forth the methods of the copy editor. Another well-known manual is W. G. Bleyer's "Newspaper Writing and Editing" (Houghton, Mifflin). The most recent of the books that go into details, the sort of details usually left for the novice to pick up, often with much difficulty, is George Bastian's "Editing the Day's News" (Macmillan), a highly valuable manual of newspaper procedure. It would help anyone, but is prepared from the standpoint of the metropolitan daily; for the rural press there is a special book, "The Country Weekly," by P. C. Bing (Appleton). There are not a few books of newspapermen's experience that will be helpful; one that comes readily to mind is J. D. Heaton's "The Story of a Page" (Harper). "Making a Newspaper," by J. L. Given (Holt), shows methods of newspaper organization.

Speaking of the Home Correspondence School reminds me that I owe to its secretary, Wm. B. McCourtie, the reminder that I should have included in the list of books about the essay recommended on Sept. 13, Tanner's "Essays and Essay Writing" (Atlantic Monthly Press), which I should not have passed by, for it is one of the most lucid and inspiring books on the subject, and Upshur's "Typical Forms of English Literature" (Oxford University Press), which Mr. McCourtie says has the best condensed statement of the history and form of the essay that he knows.

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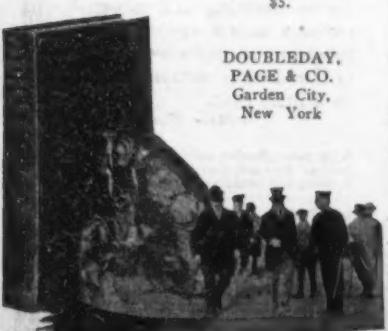
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Dying, as he had lived, a gentleman and a soldier, Major Butt was last seen on the ill-fated *Titanic*, with coat stripped off, standing beside the life boats when the rush for them had begun in the last moments of frenzy. With a revolver in one hand and a belaying pin in the other, he stood ready to strike down or shoot the first man who should attempt to dispute that established law of the sea—"Women and children first!" His letters are a real heritage to his country.

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The Phoenix Nest

We find ourselves at liberty to quote from a particularly interesting letter of Muirhead Bone's, who is, as you know, the distinguished British artist whose American exhibition of etchings will be given this month at Knoedler's. Mr. Bone's letter concerns the Jacob Epstein bust of Conrad. Mr. Bone has bought the only bronze cast of this bust so far existing and loaned it for exhibition at the Tate Gallery in London. He says:

It is a really great thing. Not the slightly dandified French-Ambassador-looking Conrad which some people would like, but a really noble and pathetic thing which is a deeply interesting reading of the man.

It seems that five other bronzes are to be cast, and, says Mr. Bone:

The price is very cheap for a really splendid work of art. I could send good photographs . . . I am trying to persuade the National Portrait Gallery to buy a bronze. It is really a great chance for somebody, as I am convinced these will come to have great value financially and historically . . . Of course I don't want to sell my own copy! Epstein is a genius. Each of these bronzes will cost him about £60 in casting. The Epstein bust looks splendid at the Tate. I arranged with Conrad to give the sittings and Epstein worked hard for twenty-one days at Bishopsgrove. So it was no hasty impression. Conrad wrote me immediately after Epstein had gone that "he has spent 21 days of his life looking at me" and said he thought the result splendid. It is, of course, Conrad in his old age, but I am awfully glad I brought the thing off, as we have a work of art of immense value now. Epstein writing me the other day said—"A curious criticism levelled against the bust is that it does not look like 'the Conrad whom his friends loved so much' to quote one of the phrases used. Surely my idea of Conrad might be as good as anyone else's and in any case I know Conrad's work very well and in it I cannot find the innocuous friendly and 'pleasant' qualities which his friends seem to think represent him; and also I had great opportunities for observing and knowing the man."

Mr. Bone adds:

About the bust photographs, of course photographs do not do complete justice to a bronze, especially as Epstein means his work to be seen from a little distance. At the Tate it certainly looks impressive.

It would certainly seem that for collectors of real insight this chance to purchase one of the few bronzes of Epstein's "Conrad" is a remarkable opportunity!

Ernest Rhys and Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott have collected "23 Stories" as a companion volume to their former "Thirty and One Stories." This volume has, however, a slightly different purpose, to thrill the reader. "The New Terror," the editors say, "is apt to be more psychical, more psychological perhaps, than the old. The method of the latter is based on Edgar Poe and the writers for *Blackwood's Magazine*, while the former is akin to the Russians, to *Sologub* and *Chekov*." Among the twenty-three authors included are Yeats, T. F. Powys, A. E. W. Mason, Thomas Burke, Hichens, Morley Roberts, Cutcliffe Hyne, Algernon Blackwood, Conan Doyle, de la Mare, Somerset Maugham, Masefield and W. W. Jacobs.

The end of last month "Old Cap Collier" (Thomas Harbaugh) died at the Miami (Ohio) County Home at the age of seventy-five. "Old Cap" wrote nearly three hundred Indian stories, turned out a weekly thriller of from 50,000 to 70,000 for the *Beadle Dime Library*, and never revised a manuscript. "Old boys" all over the country will mourn his demise. And Robert Frost has gone

to Michigan as a permanent institution. And George Santayana's "Lucifer or the Heavenly Truce: A Theological Tragedy" will be brought out by Dunster House, Cambridge, in a special edition of great splendor. This was originally published about twenty-five years ago and is now issued after revision by the author with a new introductory essay.

Gilbert Seldes' "The Seven Lively Arts" is being used as a textbook in European universities. Sydney Howard's "Three Flights Up" is a book of four long short stories worth getting hold of. Mr. Howard wrote "Bewitched" with Edward Sheldon, a delightful play recently on the boards in New York and Howard's own "They Knew What They Wanted" will be produced this month by the Theatre Guild. Ring Lardner's "How to Write Short Stories" is now (we cheer!) in its fifth large printing, and the *Lardners* and the *Scott Fitzgeralds* are on the Riviera at Hyères, France.

In January comes a new *Conrad* book through Little, Brown. It is "Joseph Conrad: A Portrait." By Ford Madox Ford.

Also G. Jean-Aubry, through whom Conrad's works are known on the Continent, is preparing, with the approval of the executors, an authorized collection of Conrad's letters (for Doubleday, Page). Jean-Aubry was a close personal friend of Conrad's and will be glad to receive copies of the Conrad letters which are in America. He should be addressed care of Eric S. Pinker, James A. Pinker & Son, Talbot House, Arundel Street, Strand, London.

"The Week-End Book" (Dial) is a joy forever, and perfectly fits the pocket. The choice of poetry is impeccable. The first three sections of the book are poetry sections, "Great Poems," "Hate Poems," and "State Poems," they are respectively titled.

Then comes a section called "The Zoo," with poems on beasts from St. John the Divine to Ralph Hodgson. It is followed by a section of "Songs" which particularly won our heart. Here you find not only "Green Grow the Rushes O" and "Bobby Shaftoe," but "One More River," "Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground," "And When I Die," "Go Down, Moses," "Mademoiselle from Armentières" (expurgated), "All God's Chillun," "The Bells of Hell"—etc. It is a genuine singing section, and you can add more songs in the back of the book.

The desire for group singing is here properly provided for, and the airs are supplied. "Play!" is presented as a conversation in which all members of a company suggest games, and some of the games suggested actually sound like real entertainment. The sections on food and entertainment are also well thought of. Even the end-papers and the book-mark in the book contribute to entertainment and practical uses. The book-mark inquires "Have you forgotten the cork-screw?" "Have you forgotten the salt?" The end-papers furnish boards for games.

And to close, a new magazine venture that has our heartiest support is *The Golden Book*, the first number of which will be out in January, published by the Review of Reviews Corporation, with Henry Wysham Lanier as editor and William Lyon Phelps, Stuart P. Sherman and John Cotton Dana as the editorial board. Its purpose is to reprint great stories and poems of the past. In a day when most periodicals overflow with trash it will be a relief to see at least one on the news-stands that specializes in real literature, for only two bits a number.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

GOOD PRICES AT ANDERSON'S
SELECTIONS from several collections, including the libraries of Mrs. C. S. Baker of Seabright, N. J., Marquise Clara Lanza of this city, and Mrs. Katherine de Mattos of London, consisting of standard sets in fine bindings, manuscripts, first editions, collected sets of first editions, and interesting miscellaneous books, were sold at the Anderson Galleries October 27 and 28, 508 lots bringing \$28,330.75. For such a mixed lot of miscellaneous material the prices generally were good. Lively competition is expected as soon as election is passed and the more important collections are offered for sale.

The complete set of letter books of Robert Prescott, governor of Canada and British general, covering his period of governorship from 1796 to 1799, with papers of importance before and after these dates, 26 vols., folio, old half calf and boards, 1799-1801, brought \$850. A Second Folio of Shakespeare, an imperfect copy, 1632, sold for \$375; an extra-illustrated copy of

Walton's "Angler," Pickering edition of 1836, 2 vols. extended to 20, green levant morocco, nearly 4,000 prints, drawings and autograph letters inserted, realized \$775.

A few representative lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Clemens (S. L.). "Writings," 25 vols., 8vo, levant morocco, Hartford, 1899-1907, autograph edition, \$400.

Conrad (Joseph). "Works," 19 vols., 8vo, levant morocco by Stikeman, Garden City, 1920-21, Sun Dial edition, \$290.

Conrad. Original manuscript of "Some Aspects of the English Titanic Inquiry," 44 pp. 4to, in levant case. From the Quinn collection, \$485.

Fiske (John). "Writings," 24 vol., 8vo, levant morocco, Cambridge, 1902. Edition de luxe, \$225.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). "Writings," 22 vols., 8vo, half morocco, Boston, 1900. Autograph edition, \$275.

Shelley (P. B.). "Poetical Works," 3 vols., 8vo, levant by Zaehnsdorf, Ham-

mersmith, 1895. Kelmscott Press edition. \$225.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Works," 25 vols., 8vo, boards, London, 1913-19. Bombay edition. \$200.

Lever (Charles). "Novels," 37 vols., 8vo, calf, London, n. d. Autograph edition. \$325.

Author's Club. "Liber Scriptorum," the first book of the Author's Club, folio, morocco, New York, 1893. Edition limited to 251 copies. \$65.

Meredith (George). "Works," 39 vols., 8vo, half levant, Westminster, 1896-1912. Constable de luxe edition. \$260.

Robinson (Edwin Arlington). "The Children of the Night," 12mo, vellum, Boston, 1897. Rare and first copy to appear in the auction room. \$240.

Stevenson (R. L.). A. L. S. 8 pages, n. d. and unpublished. A superb letter. \$1.75.

Stevenson. "Works," 26 vols., 8vo, cloth, New York, 1922-1923. Vailima edition. \$250.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A NOTABLE series of valuable autograph letters and documents, embracing six letters by General Washington, many of the presidents, generals in the Rev-

olution, War of 1812 and the Civil War, and many others of literary and historical interest, will be sold by Stan V. Henkels & Son, in Philadelphia, November 18.

36

The regular monthly analysis of the demands for modern first editions as shown in desiderata of second hand booksellers published in English trade papers for the week ending September 20, shows about the same general interest as heretofore for a long period. The fifteen names at the head of the list are Michael Arlen, Anthony Trollope, Joseph Conrad, Rudyard Kipling, W. H. Hudson, E. M. Forster, W. M. Thackeray, Sir J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, George Gissing, George Bernard Shaw, R. L. Stevenson, Charles Dickens, Hugh Walpole and Oscar Wilde.

36

The Tenth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Bookplates is now being formed by the American Bookplate Society. Every bookplate designed during the year 1924 should be included and the co-operation of all artists and enthusiasts is requested. All prints should bear the artist's name and address written on the back. Prints should be sent to the American Bookplate Society, 17 Board of Trade, Kansas City, Mo.

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